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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 861. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1923. TWOPENCE.

3p SAVED
ASK YOUR GROCER
Jaeger's Grande
SWEET & MELLOW
DO NOT SMOKE after THE 11th fill REVELED
3½ per lb Cheaper

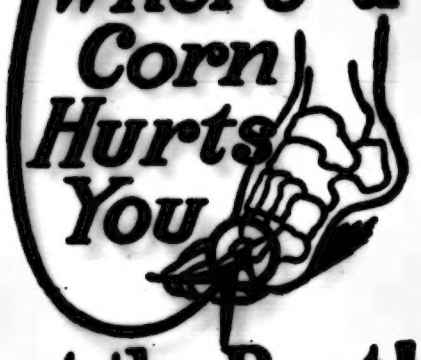
Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD!

The World in the Pawnshop

by A.G. Gardiner

This is Where a Corn Hurts You at the Root!



Cutting the top of a corn off with a razor or burning it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc., doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning. A good handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses, like water softens soap.

CORNS, ACHES, SWELLINGS, TENDERNESS AND OTHER FOOT MISERY EASY TO GET RID OF NOW

At last! Take corns out, not merely off, without plasters, dangerous cutting, or caustic liquids, says C. S. TURNER, formerly of the R.A.M.C.

Perhaps you have invited blood poison by hacking the top of that corn with a razor, or burnt it off with caustic paste, liquids or plasters, soaked it in hot water, picked dubiously at it with your finger nails and sprinkled it with various powders to stop the aching. After doing all this and waiting patiently for results, you either find that most of the corn has stayed right on duty through it all, or else a brand new top has sprouted up to replace the old one and the ache is still doing business at the old stand, worse than ever, and plus considerable extra soreness of raw skin around the corn. This is because you have only worried and irritated the top of the corn without at all affecting the little pointed part or core which is the real business end that causes all the pain by pressing on sensitive nerves. It would be as logical to cut the top off an aching tooth to stop the pain. It is only after all these time-wasting experiments with a corn, unpleasant as they are, that you are really ready to appreciate the marvellous way in which saltrated water acts and how totally different it is from anything else. It soon dissolves out the oil from dead, hardened, calloused, "corny" skin, leaving it soft and "mushy" as fresh putty, so that corns can easily be picked right out, root and all, whereas callouses turn white, curl up at the edges and come entirely off at one scrape with the dull edge of a knife. Sound healthy skin is not affected in any way by the water, excepting that it is wonderfully refreshing to sore, tired, tender, aching feet. To prepare the medicated water, which is also oxygenated, invest a few pence in a supply of the Reudel Bath Saltrates compound, which is obtainable from any chemist, this being the registered name by which physicians and chiropodists prescribe it. Use about a tablespoonful to a gallon of rather hot water and rest the feet in this, but first bid all your foot misery a final farewell, for such tortures will soon be only unpleasant memories of the past.

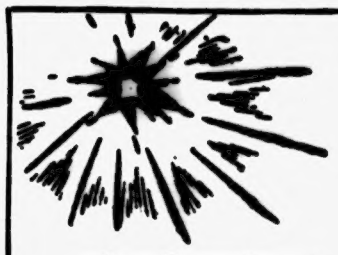
Chas: S. Turner

names

Names!—the best argument of all that JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift protects against real dangers which may happen in any home at any minute. Names!—the result of wisdom displayed by those readers of JOHN BULL who signed the forms. Why take the risk when you are protected FREE? Sign the forms now.

Fire.

ILKESTON.—J. JARVIS, 24, Lower Granby Street.
NEWBURY.—C. LOVELL, 1, St. John's Villa Cottages, Greenham Road.
ALTON.—G. R. LEWIS, "Oak Lea," "Soldridge, Medstead.
CHESTER.—T. R. PRITCHARD, 89, Chester Road, Shotton.
BIRMINGHAM.—F. RICHARDS, 210, Rolfe Street, Smethwick.
WYMONDHAM.—W. SPARKES, Kettering-ham.
DUDLEY.—Mrs. B. ALLEN, Lake Quarry, Ferrys Lake, Springfield.



A Spark in Pudding Lane

started the Great Fire of London. A spark in your home may cause a conflagration which will lick up your most cherished possessions. Picture your home after a fire: Is it worth the risk? You owe it to yourself and family to sign the forms now.

MURTON COLLIERY, Co. Durham.—Mrs. ARMSTRONG, 18, Watts Street.
WALSALL.—W. H. ARNOLD, 7, Garden St.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—C. ADAMS, 5, Albert Street, Shieldfield.
RHONDDA.—H. A. BAKER, 26, Bank Street, Penycraig.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. BARNETT, 5, Canal Side, Whitmore Bridge, Oldbury.
LEEDS.—T. COCKERHAM, 2, Lyndon Terrace, Garforth.
SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. J. GRAY, 66, Dock Street E., Monkwearmouth.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. M. GOSLING, 7, Etna Place, Lingard Street, Saltley.
SHEFFIELD.—M. HAVENHAND, 20, Ct., 2 House, Westworth Street.
LEAMINGTON.—W. MOSS, 21, Waterloo Place.
GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY.—J. G. MACKENZIE, Ashfield.
BISHOP'S WALTHAM.—W. NEW, Shore Lane.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—Mrs. STARR, 40, Alma Street.
WALSALL.—T. C. WILKINSON, 9, Long Acre Street.
WATFORD.—Mrs. H. E. WATTS, The Avenue, Garston.
LONDON, W. 11.—Mrs. J. R. GRANGER, 56, Clifton Street, Notting Hill.

Storm.

PONTYPRIDD.—Mrs. A. MORRIS, 18, Lewis Street, Treforest.
MAESTEG.—Mrs. A. M. NICHOLLS, 64, Commercial Street.
TREORCHY.—W. PERRY, 139, High Street.
WIGAN.—Mrs. PEARSON, 18, Frith Street, Walkden.
SHREWSBURY.—M. JONES, 150, The Quay, Frankwell.
SCARBOROUGH.—Mrs. F. CHAMBERS, 10a, Durham Street.
NANTWICH.—R. GADD, Holly Farm, Hatherton.
LLANLON, CARDIGANSHIRE.—D. M. J. MORGAN, Ceylon House.

Accident Benefits £3 per week.

NEATH.—S. S. STEER, 50, Leonard Street.
BRADFORD.—Mrs. J. WYNES, 59, Barkerend Road.
WARSOP.—Mrs. S. WHITE, 25, Vickers Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. J. DAVIES, 27, Arbor Street, Park.
EARLESTOWN.—Mrs. H. WICKENS, 68, Fairclough Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. S. WILSON, 57, Coleridge Road, Attercliffe.
FOREST GATE, E.7.—Mrs. R. V. DENTHORNE, 11, Eric Road.
LIVERPOOL.—Miss M. ECCLESTON, 13, Lambeth Road, Kirkdale.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. WILLIAMS, 6-105, Irving Street.
WARRINGTON.—Mrs. F. DIMELAW, 1, Grafton Street.
SOUTH NORWOOD, S.E. 25.—Mrs. F. FIELDS, 25, Addison Road.
ABERDEEN.—Mrs. L. A. FINDLAY, 15, Mid Stocket Road.
LLANDAFF, NORTH.—Mrs. E. JENKINS, 29, Hawthorne Road West.
BRADFORD.—Mrs. J. WADE, 9, Montgomery Street.
MALTON, YORKS.—Mrs. J. T. GLOVER, Bull Hotel, Market Place.
ILKESTON.—Mrs. M. A. WRIGHT, 1, Market Place.

Accident Benefits £1 per week.

MILFORD HAVEN.—Mr. J. ROLL, 4, Wellington Avenue, Hakin Villa, Hakin.
ST. HELENS.—Mrs. E. ROBERTS, 169, Berry's Lane, Sutton.
EDINBURGH.—R. SANDERSON, 73, Albert Street.
ST. BEES, Cumberland.—Mrs. A. SINGLETON, 22, Main Street.
SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. A. SLY, 8, Margaret Street, Grangetown.
FRITCHLEY, Derbyshire.—J. R. STANLEY, 7, Hut Factory.
NEWPORT, Mon.—Mr. C. THOMAS, 54, Milman Street.
DRYBROOK, Glos.—Mrs. E. TOWNSEND, Ruardean Hill.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. F. E. TYLOR, 34 Trow Road, Birchfield.
LOWESTOFT.—Mrs. A. WATERS, 2, Love Road.
BARGOED.—Mr. F. W. COWLES, 12, Llewellyn Street, Gilfach.
BATH.—Mr. B. E. DOWDENO, 12, Rock Road, Mid-Norton.

HANWORTHY.—Mrs. H. FOOT, 171, Lake Road.
GLASGOW.—Mr. F. CRAY, 22, Avenue Road, Springburn.
TREDEGAR, Mon.—Mrs M. LANE, 12, Colonia Terrace.
SWANSEA VALLEY.—Mrs. E. STEVENSON, Mill Terrace, Lower Cwmtwrch.
SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—Mr. J. GILBERT, 62, Ashcw Crescent.
DEAL.—Mrs. E. SIMPSON, Heatherbank Hill Road.
WEST BROMWICH.—Mr. E. LAMB, 137, Trinity Road.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. C. MORRIS, 10, Neptune Road, Garston.
WINGATE, Co. Durham.—Mrs. A. OXLEY, 29, Acclam Street, Station Town.
SWANSEA.—Mrs. E. PHILLIPS, 133, Robert Street, Manselton.
BETHERSDEN, Kent. — Mrs. A. RUSSELL, Fridd Farm.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. A. SKEATES, 17, College Street.
RESOLVEN, Glam.—Mr. G. SQUIRE, 29, Edwards Terrace, Abergarwed.
SWINDON.—Mr. F. STEEL, 15, Linslade Street, Rodbourne Road.
BRADFORD.—Mrs. A. TATE, 93, Round Street, West Bowling.
EARLESTOWN, Lancs. — Mrs. A. BAILEY, 84, Athol Street.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. M. BATEMAN, 15, Scarsdale Street, Dinnington.
SWANSEA.—Mrs. A. J. GIBBS, 28, Sydney Street, Brynfryd.
SOUTHMINSTER.—Mrs. T. BURNETT, King's Farm.
LARKHALL, LANARK.—Mrs. J. JAMIESON, 66, Meadowhill.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. H. McPHERSON, 77, Maclean Street, Plantation.
WELLING.—Mrs. G. MASON, 96, Tevot, Road, Wickham Lane.
GELLI, GLAM.—Mrs. PHILLIPS, 24, Clarence Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. L. G. RICHARDS, 7, Randall Street, Eckington.
VARTEG, MON.—Mrs. M. RICHARDS, 5, Walkers Row, Cwmavon.
GLASGOW.—Mr. R. ROBERTSON, 5, Maxwell Street, Govan.
POPLAR, E.14.—Mrs. ROBERTSON, 17, Follet Street.
ALDERSHOT.—Mr. K. SMITH, 7, Edward Street.
HULL.—Mrs. F. SEABROOK, 169, Liverpool Street, off Hessle Road.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. S. E. TURNER, 84, Kirkmanhulme Lane, Longsight.
BATTERSEA, S.W.8.—Mrs. E. WARREN, 68, Nine Elms Lane.
PENYCRAIG.—Mrs. B. M. WICKS, 26, Rees Street, Edmondstown.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. BRAINES, 188, Well Street, Hockley.
CLUN, SALOP.—C. S. DRAYTON, Upper Ridings Farm, Church Bank.
SANDWICH, KENT.—Mrs. E. G. GOLDUP, 40, King Street.
MORTLAKE, S.W.14.—Mrs. E. NICHOLLS, 37, Victoria Road.
NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. R. BILLS, 84, Mayor Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—G. BARNES, 24, Adderley Road, Saltley.
TORPOINT, Cornwall.—R. J. CARDEW, 3, Moor View.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. G. GILMARTIN, 479 Rutherglen Road.
GLASGOW.—Miss A. MURPHY, 1778, Maryhill Road, Maryhill.
MAIDA HILL, W.9.—F. STAPLES, 2, Bravington Road.

HIREMOOR, Northumberland.—Miss E. OLIVER, 7, Ravsden Terrace, West Allotment.
LEICESTER.—B. JARVIS, 9, Court "J," Belgrave Gate.
MANCHESTER.—M. MANSELL, 10, North James Henry Street, Silk Street, Salford.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. W. MILBY, 88, Blackburn Street, Plantation.
STEVENSTON, Ayrshire.—J. MURRAY, 18, Limekiln Road.
TREDEGAR.—G. PROSSER, Pine Cottage, Trevill Quarries.
RHONDDA.—Mrs. E. WILKINS, 3, Railway Terrace, Blaenclydach.
SWANSEA.—Mrs. G. W. EVANS, 14, Alltygrug Road, Ystalyfera.
BUCKNALL, Notts.—Mrs. WELBY 16, Whyburn Terrace.
LIVERPOOL.—Miss A. DOUTHWAITE, 118, Field Street, Everton.
NR. BRECON.—Mr. L. PROBERT, New House, Llechfaen.
BARNSLEY.—F. J. PAVIS, 18, Hilda Terrace, Grimethorpe.
BRADFORD.—S. E. ODDY, 44, Sterling Street.
ABERCYNON.—Mrs. E. WELCH, 7, Cardiff Road, Carnetown.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. A. BENT, 1, Kirkwhite Cottages, Kirkwhite Street.
MANSFIELD.—T. WILSHAW, 16, Shaftesbury Avenue.

Sickness Benefits £5 5s.

BRECHIN, N.B.—Mrs. C. CROSS, 15, Whytes Buildings.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. A. M. FENNELL, 68, Aubrey Street, Everton.
MIDDLESBROUGH-ON-TEES.—Mrs. M. HENEGAN, 61, Francis Street.
DEVIZES.—Mrs. A. HAINES, Market Lavington.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. F. KNIGHT, 73, Caerphilly Road, Sengheyrdd.
HEANOR, DERBYSHIRE.—Mrs. H. MYCOCK, 82, Park Street.
CRUMLIN.—Mrs. M. SALT, 16, William Street.
CRUMLIN.—Mrs. WATKINS, 4, Rhiw Terrace
CRUMLIN.—T. H. WAY, 1, Rectory Road.
TYLORSTOWN.—Mrs. S. A. HUGHES, 84, Parry Street.
PERTH.—Mrs. J. CAMERON, "Ballindean," Murray Road, Scone.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. S. CLAY, 11, Chapel Street, Fenebrook.
ALFRETON, DERBYSHIRE.—Mrs. A. GUEST, 12, Independent Hill.
WESTBURY-ON-SEVERN.—Mrs. E. M. HOWELLS, Brook Cottage.
RUGELEY.—Mrs. S. L. HOLLAND, 4, Yardleys Entry, Horse Fair.
DEVIZES.—Mrs. K. MATTHEWS, 18, Market Place, Market Lavington.
LOWER EDMONTON, N.9.—Mrs. MILBOURNE, 7, Wimbourne Road.
NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. E. POOLE, 2, Square, Upper Cwmbran.
HULL.—W. E. PETTY, 92, Selby Street, Anlaby Road.
TREDEGAR.—Mrs. A. PUGH, 1, Shop Row.
TREDEGAR.—Mrs. REES, 6, Ladys Terrace, Sirhowy.
NEWMAINS.—J. SINTON, 18, Stable Row.
TREFOREST.—Mrs. M. J. WATKINS, 65, Broadway Road, Pontypridd.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. B. M. WILLIAMS, 41, Hendre Road, Abertridwr.
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"Small Ads. Worth Watching."
Continued on page 22.

Game for anything!

Here he is again—just as sprightly as ever! The youngster eggs the old boy on, of course; but he doesn't need much of that! How the place echoes to the happy, irresponsible laughter of these two jolly lads of six and sixty! Their energy seems tireless, their whole-hearted enjoyment of life unending.

That's because they've both got "that Kruschen feeling"!

Every morning Grandpa drops into his breakfast cup of tea just enough of the magic Kruschen crystals to cover a sixpence. Half that much stirred into his porridge is enough for sonny. Neither of them can taste the tiny dose, but it keeps them always fit and well, so that the Kruschen Kiddy is everything that a jolly, healthy youngster should be, and Grandpa is as young in spirit as his grandson. That's what Kruschen does for them.

Good health largely depends on a clear bloodstream, which in turn depends on the active working of the internal organs. The Kruschen habit gently stimulates the liver and kidneys to proper activity and thus removes all impurities from the system. This ensures that the bloodstream is *always* clear, the body strong and healthy.

Is this gift of glorious vigour worth a farthing a day to you? That is all it costs. Next time you pass a chemist's shop, go in and ask for a bottle of Kruschen—96 doses of "that Kruschen feeling" for 1s. 9d. Get a bottle to-day.

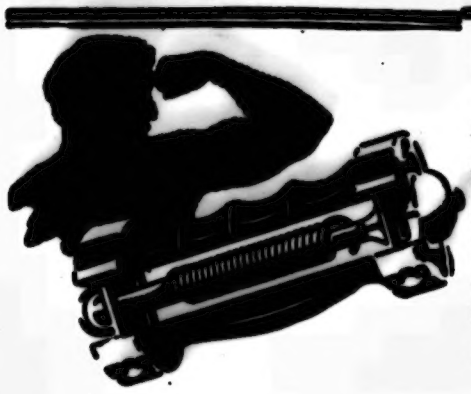
Kruschen Salts

Tasteless in Tea

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

A 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 96 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is "as much as will lie on a sixpence," taken in the breakfast cup of tea. Every chemist sells Kruschen. Get a 1s. 9d. bottle to-day and start to-morrow.



Help Nature to make the most of Spring.

Spring is here. Nature is awakening from the long sleep of winter, bursting into life on every hand. You can feel Nature's response in your own human system. Give it a helping hand by spending five minutes each day with Sandow's wonderful Ringing Dumb-Bells. These simple exercises help Nature in Nature's way. Simple and compact. Pressure adjustable from 20 to 100 lbs. Ask your Sports Dealer to show you this wonderful dumb-bell that is creating the sensation of years.

Price, enamelled, 12/6 per pair: nickel plated, 15/- per pair, with full instructions and chart of exercises. If your Sports Dealer is out of stock send remittance direct to

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SANDOW'S WONDERFUL RINGING DUMB-BELLS

BACKACHE

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Lumbago

and many ailments arising from chill on the kidneys are promptly relieved by the following prescription:—

Rp: *Potassium Nitrate, 1½ grains. Tincture Oil, ½ drop. Colchicum, ½ grain. Tincture Turpentine, ½ grain. Cantharis, ½ grain. Buckberry Extract, 1-6th grain. Methylene Blue, 1-5th grain. Capsules Balsam, ½ drop. Buchu Extract, ½ grain.* In 1 Tablet.

(Prescription No. 68.)

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS. Trial Size 1/-

Prescribed by Doctors everywhere.

These ingredients are kidney stimulants or diuretic, antiseptic or germicidal, anti-uric and pain-killing (analgesic). The trace of Methylene Blue colours the urine green. Non-purgative.

Price 1/- (trial 1/3 (pkt. 2/6 (pkt. 6/6 (144). 1/6 extra.

ASPIRIN TABLETS. (Prescription 541.)

Special offer to Mail Order Customers of 100 tablets for 1/6.

COUGH LOZENGES FOR ADULTS. (Prescription 551.)

A special prescription containing Squill, Ipecacuanha, Liquorice, Benzoin, etc. Price 1/3 and 2/-.

ACIDITY

Cured in One Week for One Shilling.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, fullness after meals, and all forms of acid Indigestion have been cured by the following prescription:—

Rp: *Bismuth Carb., 3-5ths grains. Soda Bicarb., 1 0-5ths grains. Magnesia Carb., 3 grains. Oil of Peppermint, 1-60th drop. Oil of Aniseed, 1-16th drop.* In 1 Tablet. Trial Size 1/-

(Syn: Shadforth Prescription No. 1,077.)

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by physicians the world over.

BISMUTH soothes and heals the catarrhal surfaces of stomach and bowels. It is also absorbent. *MAGNESIA* is antacid. *SODA BICARBONATE* is antacid. *ANISEED AND PEPPERMINT* are as carminatives.

This prescription is a non-purgative. Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 tablets before each meal. You feel easier in 5 minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; fatulence vanished; lung sour face replaced by rosy cheeks, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Send to Mr. Shadforth, the well-known London Dispensing Chemist, for a trial box, 1/- (20 tablets). Larger family sizes 2/6 (pkt. 5/9 (144). and 7/- (432). Post free.

COLD IN THE HEAD

Or Acute Nasal Catarrh,

Relieved in 2 minutes. Cured in 2 days.

The symptoms of Nasal Catarrh include a mucopurulent and offensive nasal discharge, incessant sneezing, sense of fullness of the nose, mouth breathing, nasal hoarse, frontal headache, defective taste and smell, watering of the eyes, dry throat, deafness, humming, etc. Trial Size 1/-

Nasal Catarrh is often the first stage of BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, COLD ON THE CHEST, PNEUMONIA, THROAT, EAR and LUNG TROUBLES.

Breathe through your nose, not through your mouth. Kill mouth and nose germs-free by the timely and regular use of this prescription, and dwell long on the land of the living.

Shadforth Prescription No. 69pTX. A new effervescent, germicidal tablet. Price 1/- (trial 1/3 (pkt. 2/6 (100). Can be advantageously used at the same time as No. 330.

NEURASTHENIA, BRAIN & NERVE TONIC. (Prescription 479.)

For MENTAL DEPRESSION, LOSS OF MEMORY, WEAKNESS, DEBILITY, NERVOUSNESS.

Phosphorus 1-100th gr. | *Damiana* .. ½ gr. *Nux Vomica* .. 1-6th gr. | *Lecithin* .. ½ gr.

Price 1/- (trial, 1/9 (pkt. 3/3 (pkt. 6/- (100). 1½/- (300 tablets).

THIS CAN BE TAKEN ALTERNATELY WITH THE HEART TONIC.

NERVE AND FLESH-FORMING TONIC. (Prescription 66.)

Nux Vomica, Damiana, Asparagin, Sodium Hypophosphite, Iron Phosphide, Calcium Hypophosphite, Lecithin, Potassium Hypophosphite.

Price 1/- (trial, 2/3 (pkt. 4/6 (144). 2/6 (432 tablets).

HEART TONIC (Prescription 622.)

PREVENTS PALPITATION, TREMBLING LIMBS, STOPS YOU FAILING TO PIECES AFTER COLDS OR FLU.

Nux Vomica Ex. 1-16th gr. | *Goldthorn Extract* 1 gr. *Digitalis* .. ½ gr. | *Dandelion Extract* 1 gr.

Price 1/- (trial, 2/6 (pkt. 4/6 (144 pills), with directions.

ANÆMIA, PALLOR, LANGUOR, BLOOD-LESSNESS. (Prescription 565.)

Useful for Anæmic businesswomen, either male or female.

Blaud Pill, Cole, Sulph., Aloin, Manganese Citrate, Nux Vomica Extract, Lecithin.

With directions. Price 1/- (trial, 2/- (pkt. and 3/6 (144 pills).

BRONCHIAL COUGH, COLD ON THE CHEST, NASAL CATARRH. (Prescription 631)

Paregoric Elixir, Laurel Extract, Pine Tar, Creosote.

Price 1/- (trial, 2/3 (pkt. 4/6 (144 pills). Can be advantageously taken while using No. 69pTX. See above.

DESPAIR. (Prescription 333.)

An old and well-tried formula when heart, liver and kidneys are all at fault.

Squill, Digitalis, Calumel, Opium.

Price 1/- (trial, 2/3 (pkt. 4/6 (144). With directions.

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION. (Prescription 2,000.)

Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and every form of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home as a gentle laxative.

Barbados Aloes, Capsicum, Pure Olive Oil Soft Soap.

With directions. Price 1/- (trial, 2/3 (100), or 3/- (300 pills).

DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE. (Prescription 332.)

Contains Nature's Digestive Juices.

Pepsin, Malt Extract, Diastase, Charcoal, Cascara Extract.

Non-purgative, promotes digestion and full nourishment.

In tablets. Dose: 2 with meals. 1/- (trial, 1/6 (pkt. 2/6 (200 tablets).

BLOOD IMPURITIES, SALLOW COMPLEXION, PIMPLES, ACNE AND SKIN ERUPTIONS. (Prescription 442.)

Charcoal, Dried Sulph., Iron, Calcium Sulphide, Nux Vomica, Gentian. Price 1/- (trial, 1/9 (pkt. 2/3 (144). 3/- (432 tablets).

ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS. Blood Pressure Troubles Unnecessary.

Specialist's known and approved prescription.

Soda Sulphate, Soda Chloride, Soda Carbonate, Neutral Soda Phosphate, Soda Nitrate, Mixed Phosphate, Calcium Glycerophosphate, to each tablet.

(Prescription 1,102.)

Price 1/- (trial, 2/6 (100 tablets).

FEMALE WEAKNESS. (Prescription 428.)

Will help you over the ebb.

Nux Vomica, Lecithin, Coca, Damiana.

In pills. Price 2/6 (trial, 3/- (pkt. and 5/- (200). With directions.

VERRUCÆ, CHRONIC WART AND GREY HAIRS. (Prescription 344.)

Gives remarkable results and harmless health.

Potassium Hypophosphite, Phosphoric, Bicarbonate and Citrate.

Price 1/-, 2/6, and 7/-. With directions. In tablets.

BAD BLOOD TONIC FOR ACNE, PIMPLES, ECZEMA, SKIN ERUPTIONS, BLOOD IMPURITIES. (Prescription 1,222.)

A known, admired, and approved remedy, registered in the Pharmaceutical Journal Formulary as Blood Purifier.

Price 1/- (trial, 2/6 (pkt. 4/6 (144). and 12/- (432).

GOUT, ARTHRITIS, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, TOOTHACHE and FIBROSITIS. (Prescription 74.)

Colchicum, Nux Vom, Rhubarb Pill, Aperazone, Methylene Blue. Price 1/- (trial, 1/9 (pkt. 2/6 (144 pills).

DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SLUGGISH LIVER, AND ATONIC STOMACH. (Prescription 334.)

Cascara, Nux Vomica, Hypophosphites, and Gentian.

Price 1/- (trial, 2/3 (pkt. 4/6 (144 pills).

SLUGGISH LIVER, URIC ACID, KIDNEY TROUBLES. (Prescription 222.)

Galate, Picric Turpentine, Colchicum, Gravel Mat, Podophyllin, Capsicin, etc.

Useful for Constipation, Rheumatism, Bladder and Kidney Troubles.

Price 1/- (trial, 2/3 (pkt. 4/6 (144 pills).

SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, NEURITIS, ARTHRITIS, AND INFLUENZA. (Prescription 223.)

Aspirin, Phenacetin, Dover's Powder.

Price 1/3 (trial, 2/- (pkt. 3/6 (100 tablets). With directions.

CONSTANTLY SEEN, PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, ALOPECIA (BALD PATCHES). (Prescription 333.)

Mercury Perchl., Creosote, Zinc Ointment.

To be applied night and morning. Price 1/3 and 2/-.

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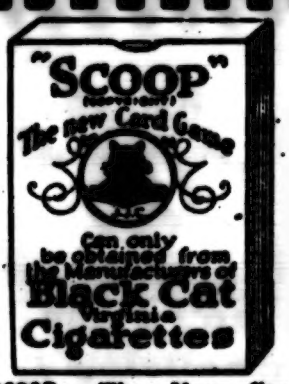

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 891.
Week ending Saturday.
Apr. 21. 1923. Two pence.

JOHN BULL

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London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9666
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Stone Age Philosophy.
Viscount Esher says the only way to prevent war is to remain at war. If ever there was a council of despair hatched in Bedlam, this is it.

Sir John Pessimist, M.P.
Sir John Norton-Griffiths, M.P., says we shall always have a million or more unemployed. It is nonsense like this that encourages Bolshevism.

A Return to Sanity.
Diplomacy is becoming seriously alarmed over the Ruhr deadlock, and many semi-official "conversations" have taken place. There are signs that before long a solution will be found.

In His Own Hands.
Dr. Cuno, the German Chancellor, appeals to the world to stop "this mad misuse of power." Dr. Cuno can take the first step if he likes—by agreeing to pay up.

The Home Stretch.
The atmosphere surrounding the coming Lausanne Conference is developing favourably, and, with a little good will on all sides, peace with Turkey will soon be an accomplished fact.

A Friendly Gesture.
The protests against the King's visit to Rome are mere stupid prejudice. Anything that tends to create international understanding and good will is to be commended in these tragic times.

We're in a Mess.
Mr. J. R. Clynes says that Capitalism is not civilised. Sir Alfred Mond says Socialism is an idle dream. The Communist says they're both useless. So that's that!

Micawber, Ex-M.P.
A "safe" seat for one of the defeated Ministers is still being sought. The wishes of the electors must not be flouted by the colossal impudence of the Party Machine.

The Beginning of the End.
Lenin is proposing radical changes in the Soviet Constitution. Slowly but surely the fabric of Bolshevism is rotting away, and Russia may yet be free.

Justice at Five per Cent.!
America claims to be the most just nation in the world. So was Shylock a just man. But generosity is often of far more practical use than rigid justice.

Now For Action.
The Dangerous Drugs Act has passed its third reading, and if its penalties are strictly enforced the dope game will hardly be worth the candle.

What Again!
Another £670,000 is to be poured into the Mesopotamian morass—this time for the Air Service. Of course, we don't need the money at home!

This Freedom!
Mr. Bridgeman is unrepentant for the Irish deportations. There was a time when condemnation without trial was regarded as a British impossibility.

We can Guess!
We should very much like to know how much the Communists are contributing to the funds of the organised unemployed, and who is providing the money for the Communists.

Who gets the Profit?
The Farmers' Union is pressing for a cheaper loaf. It has been obvious for some time that the price of corn and the price of bread have little relation to each other.

A Silly Restriction.
It is time the ridiculous five-word limit on halfpenny postcards was abolished. Besides creating useless work for officials, it is killing the postcard industry and is an actual source of loss to the Post Office.

Treasury Camouflage.
Parliament, by casting on to the ratepayers the cost in part of National Services, has been able to conceal the real burden of taxation for which it is responsible. This cooking of accounts needs exposure.

Shame.
What is there behind the game of dismissing from Whitehall ex-Service men on the plea that there is no work for them and then offering to re-engage them the next day for precisely similar work at lower pay? It is a poor way of trying to save money.

Our Net Sales

The Net Sales of John Bull which are given hereunder are the largest of any twopenny weekly periodical in the world.

Issue dated	*Mar.*	*10th, 1923*	*706,503*
,,	,,	*17th* ,,	*713,377*
,,	,,	*24th* ,,	*749,658*
,,	,,	*31st* ,,	*754,158*
,,	*April*	*7th* ,,	*773,344*

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Chartered Accountants.

It Might Work Then.
America is considering the possibility of coming into the League of Nations. Lord Robert Cecil's advocacy is beginning to tell.

A Mediæval Method.
The colossal total of men on strike or locked out is a damning indictment of the lack of brains at the head of industrial affairs. The strike weapon is both antiquated and useless.

Bound to Come.
The next thing after a tax on betting will be an investigation of the revenue possibilities of State Lotteries. At present the money goes out of the country. It is needed here.

Wild Winston
Winston Churchill has written a book which shows that this embryo Napoleon has learnt nothing from his ghastly blunders in the past. Truly the electors of Dundee were very wise.

The Blind Eye.
President Harding says that world affairs were never better than they are to-day. It was just this lack of touch with realities that led to President Wilson's failure as a world force.

A Broken Pledge.
Mr. Neville Chamberlain has decided to cut the slum-clearance provisions out of the Housing Bill. This is a grave error, for the destruction of insanitary areas is as important as the provision of new dwellings.

That's its Job.
The Ministry of Health has an opportunity of justifying its existence in the proposed reorganisation of the Panel system. If it likes, it can now organise an Air Health Service—which should have been done long ago.

Too Costly.
In every divorce case where the King's Proctor intervenes successfully the cost to the State is actually higher than the original cost of the action. Would it not be wiser to reform the Divorce laws and save all this expense?

Checking the Death Dealers.
The League of Nations Council is to consider how the traffic in and the private manufacture of arms may be controlled; and if it can formulate some really effective measures it will have taken a big step in the direction of world peace.

Scrap It.
The allegation that young women trained at the Bermondsey Homecraft Centre are only sent to situations where two or more servants are already kept, calls for immediate explanation by the Ministry of Labour. It is a farcical waste of the taxpayers' money.

That Borstal Business.

In the case of five Borstal boys who had escaped from Portland, and who were each sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment for burglary, a Dorset Grand Jury asked for an inquiry into the conduct of this penitentiary. An unofficial inquiry is long overdue.

Child Heroine.

Such presence of mind and courage as displayed by Mary Lee, 40, Esme Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham, is very rare in a child of nine. When her little brother Kenneth, aged seven, overbalanced and fell into a deep pool, she jumped in and tried to save him. This gallant attempt was, alas! unavailing, but the girl's heroic conduct will be a proud solace to her grief-stricken mother.

Modern Cave-dwellers.

In the case of a man charged at Southampton Police Court with leaving his four children chargeable to the parish of Llanelly, the wife said that they had been living in a mountain cave, and had since tramped 239 miles looking for work, which her husband had at last found on the day that he was arrested. A pitiable ending to such a quest.

The Boy Who Took Tuppence.

That he was the son of blind parents; that he had no friends and was much to be pitied, was the report submitted at the London Sessions concerning a call-boy who had stolen 2d. from Westminster Cathedral. The "pity" he received from the Bench took the shape of a spell at Borstal! A savage sentence. What do the Cathedral clergy think?

Old Soldiers do Die!

Though he had served his country for nineteen years, George Chambers, of Blondin Street, Bow, failed to get a living in it. Worn out and dispirited after two years of unemployment, he threw himself over Holborn Viaduct, and was dashed to death in the street below. The best years of his manhood had been given to the Army, only to find himself unwanted in his declining years. A pitiful tragedy of human waste.

Five Years for a Frolic.

Catherine D. G. Vanbeick, a fifteen-year-old servant girl, of Edinburgh, was charged with stealing, and placed on probation. She found a situation, but one day she locked herself in her room, bobbed her hair, and left the house dressed in man's clothing. By doing this she failed to observe the bond, and has now been sent to a reformatory for five years. Poor little girl! We pity her from the bottom of our heart.

Noble Magistracy.

Following on the subscription of about £30 to enable a Mitcham boy to replace a pony ordered to be destroyed, the Magistrates at West London Police Court has made a like presentation under similar circumstance to a boy named Phelps. And the Hampstead Magistrates subscribed amongst themselves £10 for Frederick Hill, an ex-Service man, also to replace a horse ordered to be destroyed. Magistrates can sometimes be good judges of merit.

Fantastic Tyranny.

Robert Paterson, of Grove Cottage, Lower Bucksburn, has a blind wife and nine children. His son John has turned fourteen, yet he was summoned in the Aberdeen Court at the instance of the School Management Committee for not sending him to school until the expiration of the term. We must agree with the defending solicitor, that such a prosecution of a labouring man struggling against difficulties is the most fantastic tyranny.

Blundering Doctors.

When Ernest O. E. Brenecke, of Catford, complained that his jaw was stiff his doctor said it was a cold! Brenecke was taken to the hospital, where he was told that his teeth should be extracted. At the Dental Hospital, however, he was found to be suffering from lockjaw and died. If it had not been for the gross error of the unnamed doctors, Brenecke might still be alive.

Dying Men Arrested.

Philip Kent, of Chelsea, was found lying in the gutter, and charged with being drunk and incapable. Two days later he died from a fractured skull. Richard Marshall, of Brixton, was likewise charged with drunkenness, but while on remand he also died. Really, the police should be supplied with medical advisers who know what's what.

A Horrible Reflection.

Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham is right. It is, as he says, "a horrible reflection" that the life of a modern dray horse in the streets of London "seldom extends beyond six months." This is due to bad shoeing, slippery roads, hard driving and, most of all, to compelling the horses to pull the utmost load the vehicles behind them will hold. Callousness of this kind is one of the most distressing sights common to London streets.

Official Stupidity.

George Malcolm, Friars Street, Everton, Liverpool, habitually paid under a maintenance order, only when the police presented their warrant. The Liverpool police, accordingly, arrested him, and at a cost of £5 10s. he was conveyed to Ramsgate. There the magistrates said he should be assisted back to Liverpool. As Malcolm is out of a job, the Liverpool police might have given the £5 10s. to the family instead of wasting it on railway fares.

Dipping Deep.

Some public servants seem to imagine that the ratepayers' money is a sort of lucky dip into which they are entitled to plunge their hands as deep as possible. The Evesham Guardians recently had a letter from the Workhouse Master asking for three months' leave for himself and the Matron on full salary *and* board wages. He would be a daring man who would have the temerity to proffer such a suggestion to a private employer. The request for board wages was very properly refused.

Callousness Personified.

Poor Herbert Leadbetter, of Grammar Road, Walkley, Sheffield, depressed by family bereavements and broken by unemployment, drowned himself in a dam in the Rivelin valley. His body was seen in the water by Leonard Womersley, who marked the spot, and then went to his work. His employer, Harry Jones, a table blade grinder, did try to reach the body with a stick, but both men left it in the water. Perhaps they wanted to make sure that the poor chap was dead.

Old Age Pension Injustice.

In dismissing an old age pensioner, charged with falsely representing his weekly income from other sources as 10s., whereas it was 12s. 6d., the Chairman of the Grantham Bench pointed out a serious injustice. With an income of 10s. a week, he would be entitled to the full pension of 10s., but with 12s. 6d. he could draw only 6s. To penalise a poor old man to the extent of 1s. 6d. a week in this manner is utterly without justification, and we congratulate the Magistrate on drawing attention to the anomaly by refusing to convict.

"A Class of Women."

At the instance of Sir Montagu Sharpe, K.C., their chairman the Middlesex justices, have recorded their opinion that any increase of the amount for which a putative father is legally liable to 20s. a week would incite "a class of women to treat motherhood as a trade." It is a cynical but perhaps not unjust judgment.

Stony Hearts and Soft Heads.

Flintshire appears to be a county of stony hearts and soft heads, as far as some of its Magistrates are concerned. Charged with having poured boiling water from a bedroom window and severely scalded a dog which was scratching at her front door, a Mrs. Edwards, of Buckley, was—sent to prison for three months with hard labour? Oh, dear, no! *Bound over!* The scandal spreads.

No Pity for the Feeble Minded.

A poor woman named Anna Maria Yonds was charged at Preston Sessions with intent to commit a felony. The prison doctor (Dr. Pimblatt) described her as "simple," while another witness said she was not responsible for her actions. Obviously the woman should have been sent to an institution for treatment, and the harsh sentence of six months' imprisonment ought to be annulled at once.

Husband or Jail.

Mrs. Lawley, of Bentinck Street, St. Helen's, stole clothing and pledged it to buy food for her child. When she was fined she said she would rather go to jail than return home to her husband. He worked and said there was no need for his wife to steal. She said that the money he gave her he took from her again to spend in drink. If her story is true, Lawley is a poor specimen of a man.

Helping the Huns.

We are utterly unable to understand the attitude of the Universities Committee of the Imperial War Relief Fund, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C., who continue to circulate appeals for funds for distressed German students. Taxation as a result of the war is £22 a head in Britain, as against £2 a head in Hunland, and the British middle-classes are distressed enough, in all conscience, but we do not find committees writing whining letters to German newspapers about it.

"Burn It!"

"J. Burnett & Co.", whose circulars bear no indication of the firm's principals or of their address, distribute from door to door badly printed announcements of a "Great Clearance Sale of Unclaimed and Mislaid Goods." Whatever that may mean. Shortly afterwards a "traveller" calls with a small bundle, which he declines to show at the door, but is very anxious to enter the house. Our advice to any housewife who may receive a circular from this mysterious firm is "Burn it!"—and keep the chain on the door when the "traveller" calls.

A Famous Victory.

Bailie Wright, of Stirling, who refused to grant a licence to a motor-omnibus driver unless he promised never to touch drink, is no doubt rubbing his hands in smug self-satisfaction over a famous victory, for the man, faced with the loss of his living, has been compelled to give the required undertaking. The Bailie, in granting the licence, said it was unfortunate that the press had broadcasted the case. We think it is desirable that the public should know to what outrageous lengths Pussyfoot fanatics will go to enforce teetotalism.

Job for R.S.P.C.A.

A cruel practice has sprung up in London's busy streets of exhibiting tiny pet dogs for sale. Several of these animals are carried about all day by one person, kept without food or water to make them moan piteously, and poked into the face of any likely purchaser amongst the passers-by. Now then ,R.S.P.C.A., wake up!

The Widow's Wait.

Mr. Owen Hughes, Holyhead, tells of a navy man's widow who received less prize money than was her due. The Prize Money Department admitted the error and promised that the amount would be "sent to her immediately." Since then Mr. Hughes has written twice, but the widow still awaits her money. There can be no excuse for such dilly-dallying.

The Right Sort of Parson.

"Some plays are as good as a sermon," said the Rev. F. J. Saxton, Chairman of the Yorkshire Congregational Union, at Leeds. He added that he would like to see a weekly list of plays worth visiting in the Religious Press. Such a statement is a refreshing change from the silly twaddle yelled against theatres by certain narrow-minded parsons. Men like Mr. Saxton make religion an everyday reality for everybody.

Germany Can Pay.

The highbrow economists who declare that Germany is nearly bankrupt should read our daily correspondence from Cologne. We are assured that the manner in which money is being spent there baffles description. Huge monuments and imposing buildings are springing up by the score, and hundreds of houses are being built. Employment is exceptionally good, and everyone seems to be working overtime. If this indicates bankruptcy, it is a very fraudulent bankruptcy.

Foreign Fish.

The scandal of foreign fish being dumped in this country while British fisherfolk are starving is not confined to Aberdeen. We hear of large numbers of Dutch trawlers landing fish at Lowestoft, and, strange to say, the dealers who buy on commission show a preference for this foreign stuff, buying it at a higher price ungutted than they will offer for British-caught fish, which they insist must be gutted. Many local shore fishermen are earning less than 30s. a week. There is something seriously wrong here.

Paying for Palestine.

The Manchester Committee of the Palestine Foundation Fund are appealing to the local Jewish community for £20,000. We hope they may get it, if it will reduce by so much the burden the British taxpayer is called upon to bear to bolster up the Zionist movement. But it is worth noting that the Committee expect to have to work hard for a fortnight in order to obtain this trifling sum. It does not look as though the Jews were tumbling over each other in their eagerness to pay for Palestine.

Postal Delays.

Things have come to a pretty pass in the postal service when a Coroner is unable to proceed with an inquest owing to essential papers being delayed in the post, and has to request that in future all documents requiring his attention should be sent to him by despatch rider, or tram, or anything—but not posted. This happened at Heywood, Lancs, and the Coroner declared he had experienced similar trouble at Rochdale. If official correspondence is so negligently handled, it is small wonder that private letters go astray.

Bootle Fagans' Ramp.

Bootle police must lay hands upon men in their district who are encouraging school lads to commit shop robberies. The lads steal cigarettes and tobacco, and the men buy the stuff from them at a twentieth part its value. The police can only save the lads by dealing with the receivers of the stolen property.

O'Connell, You're Lucky.

James O'Connell is one of the lucky sort seeing that he holds an important position at Queensferry, and was not sent to gaol for a month, as the chairman of the Chester magistrates said he ought to have been. On the eve of April 1 he was drunk when out with his car. James got off with a fine. Now he should either sell his car or sign the pledge.

Fourteen Officials—One Little Boy.

A fifteen-year-old boy, at Ormskirk, was summoned for riding a motor-cycle with a girl on the pillion, and without having two separate brakes. He did not appear, however, as he was afraid of losing his job, but he was fined 10s. by the Magistrates who had assembled with fourteen other officials to hold the Court solely for this case. What a farce! Even if the fine is paid, it will not cover such ridiculous waste and expense.

DOES HUMAN NATURE CHANGE?

By The Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

ONE of the commonest assertions to be met with in the public press and elsewhere is that human nature is the one unchangeable fact of the ages.

It has been frequently made, for instance, in connection with the opening of Pharaoh Tutankhamen's tomb.

The discovery of toilet vanities used by court beauties of thousands of years ago, together with evidences of class antagonism, luxury and ostentation, as well as of the cruelties of war, demonstrates that the world of long ago was not very unlike the world of to-day.

Men and women then behaved in much the same way as men and women now, and were actuated by similar motives.

The horrors of the late world war and the devilish devices in preparation for the next are a sad reminder of what human nature is still capable of.

Experience shows that human nature can and does undergo change; but the change is never automatic, and it is always liable to swift reversions.

The moral gains of organised society need to be scrupulously guarded or they speedily vanish.

The most refined nature can be brutalised; the the most sensitive may be transmuted into the most sinister.

Robespierre is said to have been naturally gentle and tender-hearted, but that did not prevent him from becoming a monster of murderousness.

We of the western world to-day have received a moral inheritance in which compassion, a sense of justice, and consideration for the weak occupy a larger place than in some other climes and periods; but it could be lost.

The late war did something towards deteriorating its quality; a social upheaval might reduce it still more or destroy it altogether.

Yes, human nature does change, but it is the human will that changes it.

The price of progress in this as in anything else is unwearied vigilance.

There is no more necessary task than that of keeping our moral sensibilities keen and strong.

For a Few Flowers.

Because she stole a few growing daffodils from a grave in Holy Trinity Churchyard, Wavertree, Liverpool, a widow named Annie Tyson was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. We should like to know what motive lay behind the offence to warrant such a harsh sentence.

Is It True?

Is there any truth in Mr. Lansbury's allegation that Civil Servants drawing pensions of £1,000 a year are holding posts in other departments carrying salaries of £1,000 a year? The Labour Minister's evasive reply tends to show truth in the allegation. The matter must not be allowed to rest in beautiful obscurity.

Too Many Doctors.

Sir Alfred Mond has rendered good public service by calling attention to the over-lapping of the medical services. The Ministry of Health, the Board of Education, the Home Office, the Board of Trade, the Municipalities, all have their functionaries and the public pay all the time. The medical hierarchy is taking the place once held by the clerical.

Pony Starvers.

James Youd, a farmer of Llanfydd, Buckley, allowed a pony belonging to James Edwards to graze on his farm, but refused Edwards access to the colt, on the grounds that (he Edwards) owed money for its keep. Meanwhile the pony starved to death and both Edwards and Youd were summoned and fined—about £10 in all. Still another cheap "get away" after abominable cruelty.

Money-Grabbing Doctors.

Certain panel doctors in the Wrexham district are refusing certificates on "Form Medical 40," in compensation cases, as required by approved societies for the purpose of excusing contributions, and are making a charge for the issue of private certificates. Strong action is to be taken if the practice is continued, but why are the names of the grabbers not disclosed?

Kill-Joy Tosh.

At a Sunday observance meeting, at Brighton, the Rev. J. W. Dance said our "mad rush" on Sundays caused nervous troubles and is making us a nation of neurotics. What does he mean by "mad rush"? If he means that a man who has been cooped up in an office or factory all the week is inviting nervous collapse by playing tennis or cricket on a Sunday afternoon, the reverend gentleman was talking nonsense.

Gossip's Victim.

So that her relatives might obtain money, Mary Blaney, then fifteen, married a man seventeen years her senior, but never lived with him. She had an illegitimate baby later, and evil gossips in Glasgow made her life a misery. Desperate she decided to end her life. As she was stooping between the railings at the Monkland canal bridge the baby fell into the water and was drowned. She was arrested. Those who made her life a tragedy ought also to be in custody.

A Prowling Scoundrel.

We hope the six weeks' imprisonment awarded to Albert George Albutt, of Denzil Road, Willesden, will cure him of his propensity for molesting women. On his own confession he followed a young married woman from a cinema to her home in Hampstead, where he sprang upon her from behind and threw her to the ground. What might have happened had not her husband heard her screams, and come to her rescue will not bear thinking about. Six months for such an outrage would not have been a day too much.

STATE-AIDED CRIME

Post Office Tomfoolery

THERE is no lack of bureaucratic supervision of our lives and of continual prying into the private affairs of the average citizen, but as a rule the supervision is of the meddlesome character that drives inoffensive folk to frenzy, while the rogues and charlatans, whose activities call for official supervision, are left undisturbed to carry on their criminal activities.

Most of the Government Departments are equally to blame in this respect, but at the moment it is the Post Office that seems to call for the severest criticism, because it places at the disposal of some of the worst crooks in the world all the facilities in regard to correspondence that are intended for honest folk.

A case in point is that of "Big Raoul," the French Dope King and White Slave Trafficker, who is once more in the hands of the police on a number of new charges. The case prepared against him by the French authorities shows that he has been in communication with victims and confederates in this country, and it would not have been possible for him to maintain this communication without the aid of the Post Office.

At one time he had his letters addressed to a Post Office Box No. in London, and from time to time he made trips across here to collect his mail. The greater part of his correspondence had to do with his schemes for securing recruits for the White Slave Traffic, or for furthering his "dope" dealing plans, but apparently the Post Office never made the slightest inquiry regarding the standing of this rascal, being content to place at his disposal the facilities of the service with even less inquiry than is sometimes made in regard to perfectly honest citizens seeking Postal or Telephonic facilities.

There is a shady bookmaker who also carries on the business of racing tipster from the same address, but thanks to the assistance of the Post Office, the dupes who pay for the "dead certs" do not know that they are receiving this "priceless information" from the bookmaker to whom they pay their losses each week. If they did know, they would be less inclined to pay for the information.

We do not suggest that there should be a general prying into the private affairs of all persons seeking facilities of this kind. There is already too much of that, but we do say that a few elementary inquiries should be made in regard to all persons obtaining special postal facilities of this kind.

In some cases all that would be necessary would be for the authorities at the General Post Office to refer to Scotland Yard regarding the persons misusing this privilege, and if even this modest precaution were taken some of the rogues at least would be deprived of the State aid which makes their roguery easier and more profitable.

Publish Their Names!

THAT there are prominent men and women holding important social and official positions and of great influence, who are nothing more or less than moral degenerates of the worst type, is an alarming but indisputable fact. But the most amazing feature of this scandal is that the police actually know who these people are, yet no action is taken against them. Why?

SOME surprise has been expressed at the magistrate's order to destroy all documents and lists of addresses found on the premises in a recent raid on a house in St. John's Wood. When the magistrate added "for fear they might get into wrong hands" he expressed a curious sympathy for the interests of a number of well-to-do wastrels. Why not, in the interests of public morality, have ordered these evidences to be handed to the Public Prosecutor?

About the same time of this sensational happening, a "woman of no account" was charged at Bow Street for having frequented an hotel in Craven Street, Strand, for improper purposes. In the St. John's Wood case the police had in their hands a mass of direct evidence on which a number of similar prosecutions might have been made, but here it was found politic to suppress all danger of exposure for the well-to-do men and women concerned, and the possibility of the names of the woman's backers in the vile and highly profitable business coming out.

But why should they not come out? Why should people be allowed to behave improperly simply because they hold a high position socially? This privileged protection is not a new thing; it has been going on for years. The feverish anxiety of the authorities during the war to get the notorious Bertha Trost, whose conduct was the talk of the West End, out of the country, ostensibly as a spy, was due to exactly similar circumstances.

Bertha Trost was no spy; she was an infamous Society vampire of the worst type. Under the cloak of a beauty shopkeeper, first in Bond Street and then in Clifford Street, she got into touch with hundreds of wealthy men and women degenerates, and soon established the most shameful rendezvous in London at her private house.

Her special and most profitable business was the corruption of very young girls for her special clients. She gave evening fetes attended by many dissolute men and women. Here the attendants were young girls dressed for the occasion as pages, but for her special and very profitable inner circle of rich and influential clients she organised sickening and blasphemous ceremonies in which her big satin-lined coffin was a prominent feature of the ritual.

She grew powerful and boasted of her great influence in high places. Indirectly it was her inclusion in the list of helpers at a Bond Street stall on a notable street collection day that led to her deportation. She forced her acquaintance on a very young and pretty girl helper and invited her to her house to tea. The girl was told that a very great man wished to meet her— as he had seen her and admired her greatly.

The girl was ruined. In pain and anguish, in bitter shame and hideous remorse she paid the penalty of this wicked woman's wiles. For gold her soul was sold, her honour destroyed.

The great man paid Trost £100 and she gave the girl £10. She was threatened that if she spoke of having been to the house even, an awful fate would follow.

The girl was at that time staying in a theatrical hostel, and a young actress sleeping in the next cubicle heard her sobbing in the night, and induced her to tell her the cause of her trouble. She told her story to a friend who induced her to go to Scotland Yard at once. She did, and Bertha Trost had the surprise of her life when the raid followed. The detectives found letters telling their own sad tale from many influential people.

If the names found in the books and correspondence had leaked out they would have caused a public panic. As it was the news of the raid caused a panic amongst her patrons, and some of them hurried off to the Continent at once.

The great man referred to escaped prosecution, he was so highly placed that it was hardly possible to put him in the dock. There were other big men who trembled till the woman was placed on board at Tilbury by the detectives.

Up to the last she threatened terrible exposures to men in big places. She wrote and telegraphed to one big personage daring him to let her be deported, but all her threats were of no avail. She was hustled out of the country.

This sort of thing is still going on in the heart of London, but as the scenes take place in private houses it is difficult for the authorities to suppress them. Tragedy upon tragedy has in the last few years ended the lives of many who have been drawn into this noxious circle. A short time ago the son of a very distinguished man shot himself on the eve of arrest. He was a member of what was known as the "Purple Coffin" circle. Each member—young men—owned a purple coffin, that figured in their orgies.

But why was Bertha Trost hustled out? For exactly the same reasons that other society pests are tolerated—because there are highly influential personages who have participated in the debauchery of which they are the purveyors.

This sickening protection must cease. Let the public know the names of these disreputable creatures who mingle with decent men and women and are even looked up to as protectors of society.

We know who they are, but so does Scotland Yard. Their names are in the archives. If they persist in their vile practices, which so often result in the utter ruin of young girls, they deserve no mercy and the biggest punishment that can be meted out to them is ruthless and merciless exposure.

A Thoroughly Fraudulent Company

What Does the Public Prosecutor Propose to do?

FREDERICK ROBERT FELLOWS, a director of a concern called "Marchants, Limited," is a thorough scoundrel.

This man has fled the country, and left behind him a trail of broken and ruined victims. Why is he not brought back, and compelled to face the music? He is at present in the United States. There should be no great difficulty in getting an extradition warrant.

Fellows was the chief mover in a scheme of shameless and naked robbery. He founded a company called "Marchants, Limited," at 10 and 11, Jermyn Street, S.W., to take over the business of Charles Eyton Samuelson.

Samuelson had no business to speak of, at least he had no offices, no plant, and no stock, and a number of people were misguided enough to fall into this booby trap. The first result was that the company lifted over £8,000 from a score of unsuspecting victims. The second result was that these investors lost all their money.

The third result was that Fellows put the Atlantic between him and those whom he had despoiled.

Here is the record of this fraudulent concern. It was registered in November, 1920. On the 27th June, 1922, the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, having had his attention called to certain irregularities, wrote to the Secretary asking why the regulations had been disregarded. The letter came back undelivered.

On the 3rd July, 1922, the Registrar sent a further communication to the registered offices threatening proceedings. The letter came back, marked "Gone Away." A further communication dated August 4th met no better fate, although it was sent by registered post. Finally on the 20th March, 1923, the Company was struck off the Register.

Meantime Mr. Fellows is enjoying a period of tranquillity on the other side of the Atlantic. He is not to be begrudged his period of tranquillity.

There are places in this country, such as Pentonville and Wormwood Scrubs, which can provide all the necessary accommodation in this respect. Let the Public Prosecutor act.

Terrible Emigrant Tragedy

WITH hearts full of hope and tears shining in their eyes they watch the shores of Britain fade in the distance, these brave emigrants going to, they know not what. It was thus that a widow's only daughter departed. That is the last the mother knows of her. She has disappeared. A terrible mystery surrounds her disappearance. Officials give the heart-broken mother no satisfaction or assistance. What is the reason? Why cannot the mystery be solved and the anguish of the distressed widow relieved?

THERE is a poor woman in Yarmouth to-day who is suffering acute distress under circumstances which we have no hesitation in saying suggest a reproach to the high officials who control the schemes of emigration at present in operation.

This poor woman is Mrs. Morgan, of 37, South Quay, Gt. Yarmouth. She is the widow of a seaman in the British Navy. Her husband died as the result of injuries received in the course of duty. For twelve months she had to fight the authorities to get the miserable pension to which she was entitled, and upon which she had to bring up her three children.

It was a hard struggle to provide for these children, and it beat her. She had a young boy growing up to manhood whom she hoped to keep in a land fit for heroes. As a widow of a British seaman she applied to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society for a grant, for which she believed she was qualified, to help in the education of her son.

It was refused because he was then at a Grammar School, and, owing to her care, was not exactly a vagrant. She applied, too, for a grant from the Church Army with a view to his going to a training farm. It was refused for some other technical qualification.

In her anxiety she turned her eyes to the sunny land of Australia, in the hope that she might find there a happy future home for her boy, and perhaps afterwards for herself, and her daughter.

She had read alluring advertisements which seemed to open up to her a golden prospect. Her boy would be qualified, as the child of a war-widow, for a free steamship passage to the Land of Promise. She went to Australia House to arrange for his emigration. But there were delays and difficulties.

. . .

While she was contending with them somebody told her that as she had a daughter there would be no difficulty about sending her to Australia and finding for her a comfortable and happy home. The prospect that she might herself be helped to follow afterwards clinched the matter. She parted with her daughter.

It was not easy, apart from the wrench to a distracted mother's heart. First of all she was asked to find £12. Then she was told that the amount required in her case was to be £26. The widow's mite was sacrificed; she scraped together this sum of money, and said farewell to her daughter, who sailed on the P. and O. steamer, s.s. *Berrima*, last December.

Since then this poor woman has heard neither tale nor tidings of her daughter, save one letter written at Cape Town. The ship went on to Australia. Whether her daughter travelled with it or not she does not know. Whether she arrived in Australia or not she does not know. Whether she got the safe and happy home promised her by the officials at Australia House or not she does not know. Whether her child is alive or dead she does not know.

Anguished and distracted, she haunted Australia House. In imploring tones she asked the officials there for news of the girl they had taken into their care. They could tell her nothing. They did not know anything. They had no information to give. They did not seem able to get any.

. . .

Then a dreadful and dramatic thing happened. One day while waiting patiently at Australia House she turned into the News Room and picked up an Australian paper.

It was the *Sydney Sunday Times* of February 4, 1923. And on its main news page she read: "STARTLING STORY—FOUR DEATHS ON THE *BERRIMA*."

Cold fear clutched at her heart. The poor woman nearly fainted.

Agitated and distressed, she rushed into the office and demanded to know who were these dead people on the *Berrima*. She could get no information.

She consulted the Shipping Company. All they could tell her was that a woman passenger of the same name—there were eleven hundred passengers on board—had been landed in Australia. Whether it was her daughter or not she cannot tell, nor can anybody tell her. It was as though the sea had opened up and swallowed this State-aided, State-fostered, State-cared for emigrant child.

Australia House was very comforting. It has cable communication to Australia. But that is apparently not for the use of poor widows of mere British seamen. Some benevolent official suggested that perhaps the daughter, with the carelessness of a child, had forgotten to write to her anxious mother. Perhaps even the letter had been lost in the post. Perhaps—what could be more likely?—a letter would come along by the next mail.

In the meantime a little patience, a little confidence, a little belief in the efficacy of Australia House.

Cold comfort, indeed, for a parent half-mad with the tortures of anxiety and despairing helplessness. She could not keep away from Australia House. She turned again into the News Room.

More Australian papers. More dreadful discoveries.

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She read the story of a passenger on the P. and O. liner s.s. *Berrima*. This man complained that his ailing baby was fed on cold meat and beetroot because he could not get any but adult food for it. The child died. She read in the *Melbourne Herald* that an inquiry was being held.

In dreadful anxiety she searched all the Australian papers. This was what she came across: "SLEPT IN RAT-PIT—*BERRIMA* PASSENGER'S STORY."

It was the complaint of another passenger, a Mr. Russell, who had left the ship at Melbourne. In it he stated that there were five deaths during the voyage, *and one girl was put off mad at Adelaide.*

. . .

Could anything be more appalling than the position in which Mrs. Morgan finds herself to-day? She had handed her daughter over to the emigration authorities, directed from Australia House. Her daughter sailed on the *Berrima*. She knows that a female passenger called Morgan has been landed in Australia. She has been told, too, that a girl was put ashore at Adelaide mad.

Is this passenger, called Morgan, the mad girl—and is she Mrs. Morgan's daughter? That is the terrible question that she puts to herself night and day, that she carries frantically to unresponsive authority at Australia House. To her beseechings and entreaties she can get no answer.

Nowhere could this poor, broken-hearted mother learn the fate of her missing child. Though she does not know, she fears the worst. She believes—how can she help it?—that something is being concealed from her. What right has anybody to hide from her the knowledge of her daughter's fate. Who has a better right to know from the State than the mother of a child entrusted to the State?

She rushed to the Overseas Settlements Department. There she was told that it was a matter for Australia House, and for Australia. But in view of her tragic story they promised to cable for information on her behalf. We presume a message was sent, but so far no information has come to hand.

. . . .

We do not know what explanation the authorities can give of this distressing and disconcerting mystery. An inquiry is being held in Australia into the complaints of the passengers on the s.s. *Berrima*. We do not know whether those complaints will be justified.

But we do know that the predicament in which this poor woman finds herself and in which we tender her our sincere sympathy, and we feel that we may add the sincere sympathy of our three-quarters of a million readers, is a crying shame and scandal.

We venture to direct the attention of Sir Joseph Cook, the High Commissioner for Australia, to this tragic incident. We are sure that we can rely upon his generous good will to have this matter thoroughly investigated and elucidated.

TWO HANDSOME ROGUES

Film Lure for Unwary Girls

THE British and French authorities can no longer delay taking concerted action with the railway and steamboat companies to deal with the pests who prey on young girls travelling unprotected to and from the Continent.

For some time past it has been known to the French authorities at any rate that there are such beasts afloat, who find it easier to mark down their prey on the cross-Channel trips; and there is no doubt that they are so successful that they find it profitable to keep their agents continually on the move between London and Paris, usually by the ordinary cross-Channel routes, but sometimes even by the Atlantic liners which make Cherbourg a port of call on their way to and from Southampton or Plymouth.

Some of these men are well known to the French police for what they are, but as they are careful to refrain from any actionable offence on French territory, it is very difficult to deal with them. Again and again these men make the journey and land on French soil with one or more young girls under their protection. Sometimes we are able to intervene to the extent of making known to the girls their danger, but that is not always possible.

One of the worst rogues of this type is a young and handsome man, with all the appearance of a gentleman, who makes the journey two or three times a week. He generally passes as a theatrical agent with connections in the film industry, and specialises in setting traps for stage or film-struck girls. To the French police he is known by at least a dozen names, among them being Jourdain, Leboeuf, St. Just, Leval, and Ligonier.

Another of the same type is the notorious South American, Toquez, to give him only one of his many names. This man generally works the route between Newhaven and Dieppe, and is so clever at his game that it seems almost impossible for the authorities to catch him.

These two have an understanding, and are really the heads of this traffic. Most of the other men at the game are their agents. For this reason alone they should be severely dealt with.

SANE—BUT IN A MADHOUSE

The shameful barbarity which marks the treatment meted out to patients in many asylums cannot be too strongly condemned. Instances revealing the most revolting brutality on the part of the officials are far too common, and an immediate inquiry should be instituted.

WHEN will the Government do its obvious duty and appoint a Royal Commission to investigate conditions which obtain in the lunatic asylums up and down the country?

Brutality and ill-treatment are rife in many of these institutions. Infinite patience and kindness are essential for the treatment of the mentally defective. Many attendants have no conception of this, and they know that, however much they may bully and maltreat the people in their charge, they are safe so long as the only evidence against them is that of the patients, which is discounted because they are lunatics.

The public is slow to believe that perfectly sane people can be caught up in this terrible machinery. They would be amazed if they knew how easy it is.

Take a case in point—of a woman whose name we withhold in order to protect her from being further persecuted by the authorities. Suffering from gastritis, her mother sent her to a Clinic, where she was told that she would have to be sent to a rest-home. She was sent to a lunatic asylum. The doctors had certified that she was mentally defective!

Here she remained for nine months, suffering all the agonies of a sane woman beating against the bars of her cage, and held back by every device permitted by the law which takes away the liberty of those who come under its operations.

When she went in her hair was black; she came out with all the appearance of an old woman, and with snow-white hair. Some instances of her treatment are so distressing and revolting that they could not be justified even if she were insane.

On one occasion, for example, an old woman was brought into the asylum late at night. There was no spare bed for her. None of the attendants was asked to give up their room, or even to make up a temporary bed on the floor. This old woman, who was dirty and verminous and without any control over herself, was put into the same bed for the night with this poor girl.

One of the tasks given her was to wash the dirty clothing of the inmates, many of whom were of dirty habit. She refused to do it. She was told that as a punishment she would not be allowed clean clothing for herself.

She was treated with cruelty and harshness. Her letters were kept back. She felt her reason going, and had to fight against unbidden thought of suicide. She is convinced that, had she remained there, she would have gone really mad.

One day, however, the authorities came to the conclusion that there was nothing the matter with her, opened the door, and let her go free, without explanation, without apology, without compensation.

We are glad that at last we are no longer alone in our demand that justice and mercy shall be shown to the many thousands of poor, *sane* people who are helplessly incarcerated in so-called British lunatic asylums to-day.

We say that the present system is cruel and callous: that downright, systematic cruelty is practised on an appalling scale. We say that a large number of the nurses and attendants are deliberately brutal, and totally unfit for the positions they hold.

We say that patients are drugged in many cases without necessity or reason; that the number of doctors is inadequate, that they are overworked and unable to give the patients in their care any proper attention. Inmates are often herded together regardless of condition or grade; the food is often rotten and unfit to eat, and the uniform the poor inmates are forced to wear is dull and depressing.

We say, further, with a full sense of our responsibility in the matter, that in many cases sane people have been deliberately incarcerated in asylums through the instigation and influence of relatives with an interest in their removal.

There are over one hundred thousand poor persons confined in asylums to-day, many of them sane people who ought to be immediately released. They cannot get out because it is nobody's business to fight their battle, because the dice is loaded so heavily against them.

We say that, in the name of common decency, Mr. Bridgeman must have the whole system thoroughly investigated at once.

LONG DISTANCE SWINDLERS

Alluring offers made from abroad would, one might well believe receive scant consideration from people who have had to work hard for the money they possess. Yet a number of flat catching schemes originating as far away as Canada and Havana have lured many people to financial downfall.

AN increasing number of people in this country is being shamelessly robbed by sharks and swindlers who are operating from abroad, from Europe and America and the Colonies.

These audacious rogues seem to find no difficulty in discovering dupes to be imposed upon by their plausible but perfectly impossible schemes.

A typical example of the type of long-distance flat-catcher whose attention should be disregarded is Mr. E. A. Stanton, of Amhearstberg, Ontario, Canada.

This man gets in touch with people whose names are given in the advertisements of the English papers. He pays particular attention to widows whose bereavement is mentioned in the obituary notices with the legend "Canadian papers, please copy."

His artless procedure is to inform the widow that her late husband whom he had been seeking for a long time was an old friend of his, and to add that the dead man was the part-proprietor of a gold-mine in Ontario, in which connection there was a large sum of money due to him which Stanton would be very pleased to arrange to hand over to her.

Unfortunately some preliminary fees are required, amounting to a few hundred pounds, a mere bagatelle to the thousands that would then become available.

One poor woman sent this man five hundred pounds. But she has not yet got the thousands promised to her. The New York Police are discussing this matter with the Canadian Police Authorities. It is to be hoped they will do the right and proper thing.

Another gentleman whose generous offers may be disregarded is Mr. William P. Watson, of Havana, who also specialises in offering fortunes to those who have recently been bereaved, always with the condition that they should cable money to him for the necessary conveyancing fees.

Widows who get letters from this person, and others like him, should "write to JOHN BULL about it" before parting with any money. They should ignore the secrecy which he makes a stipulation for his own obvious advantage.

A firm to be regarded with equal caution is Messrs. C. Lund and Company, of Copenhagen, who run a swindling undertaking called the "Danish Colonial Lottery." It is a mere booby-trap. We advise our readers to leave it alone.

Then there is Mr. J. L. Anderson, who runs the Eastern Commission Agency of Sanklie Street, Bombay. His pleasantry is to invite subscriptions for the Calcutta Sweep. Those who send him money might as well drop it into the sea.

Mr. C. T. Emslie, of 109, Pitt Street, Sydney, is sending circulars to this country glorifying the prospects of the Atlas Corporation, Limited, which he says is growing cotton in Queensland. He offers the shares of this putative gold-mine for the mere trifle of two shillings each.

It is very kind of him. If these shares are worth what he says, there are plenty of people in Australia who would be very glad to pick them up. We recommend that this alluring investment should be left to the people on the spot.

We could name more than a score of others. They are all of the same type. They all offer to anybody who will send them money a return in the shape of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. They never send any of this wealth, and never intend to, for the best of all reasons—they haven't got it to send.

The reason they operate from such far distant lands as Canada and Havana is simply in order to preserve themselves from unpleasant enquiries by the police.

In nearly every instance where similar offers are made and unsuspecting members of the British public induced to part with their hard-earned money it has proved that not only are the schemes promulgated by sharks dealing from abroad but the firms holding forth the temptation do not possess the slightest tangible resources.

Glowing promises are easily made and alas! much too readily believed. It is always a safe rule to reason that if such tremendous profits were really to be made from a particular scheme the promoters would keep their holdings to themselves.

Let these far-distance people alone. Common-sense in investment, like Charity, may well begin at home.

BAMBOO AND BLUFF

Advice to Young Married Couples

WE must advise those about to marry to be cautious in dealing with F. Webb, of 478, High Road, Tottenham.

His lure is the following advertisement:—

FURNITURE MUST BE SOLD.—Bedroom suite, including dressing-chest of drawers, with swing mirror, marble top wash-stand, full size black and brass bedstead, with new bedding complete, lino, rug, brass rail fender and brasses, strong parlour suite in leather, centre table, pretty carpet and rug, overmantel, curtains, pictures, and kitchen furniture. The lot, complete, 18 guineas. Nearly new. Deposit would secure. Great sacrifice. Stored at WEBB'S DEPOSITORIES, 478, High Road, Tottenham. Sent any distance.

The announcement is cleverly worded to convey the impression that the furniture is a genuine second-hand offer, and an ex-Service reader who thought this to be the case, had this impression deepened when he received a letter from Webb informing him that the goods were still for sale and were well worth £50.

This letter was accompanied by a pamphlet entitled "The Complete Home."

He decided to purchase, and forwarded a deposit, intending to pay the balance by monthly instalments as suggested, but found that the goods would not be delivered until the whole of the purchase price had been paid, plus £1 5s. for packing.

When at last his "complete home" arrived he was amazed to find that the bed and bedding were the only satisfactory items in it. The bedroom suite, the overmantel, and the centre table were of bamboo! The latter was only 15 in. square, and the lino consisted of a yard and a half two yards wide. To describe such stuff as "well worth £50" is misrepresentation of the grossest type.

The advertisement in question appears weekly, and young couples should know exactly what it means.

This is not Webb's only line of business. The following announcement appears almost daily:—

MONEY MATTERS. If in need of £5 to £500, write, call, or 'phone, in confidence; no genuine case refused; easy repayments.—F. Webb, 478, High Road, Tottenham. Phone, 1609 Tott.

Nuff said!

DANCING AND POLITICS

M.P.s in Fancy Dress and Carrying Balloons

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

YEARS ago, up North, there used to be a society of entomologists—or it may have been ornithologists or conchologists—who were short of money. They possessed a little museum of their own which nobody visited, and it was the upkeep of this establishment which kept them in debt. Year after year they struggled along with an increasing deficit, and in the end the committee came to the conclusion that the museum was "a white elephant" and had best be closed.

Whereupon the sole member of the society who didn't happen to be bald proposed, more by way of a sarcastic joke than in deadly earnest, that the closing down should be celebrated by a grand supper and ball at the local Assembly Rooms. After some discussion the matter was left in the hands of the semi-jocular proposer, who out of sheer bravado proceeded to "make the necessary arrangements."

AND for reasons which in those days seemed past finding out, the tickets sold like hot cakes. The ball was a success and the profits set the poor old entomological, ornithological or conchological white elephant on his legs again.

Probably not one person in fifty who attended this long-forgotten but none the less brilliant gathering took the smallest stock in either entomology, ornithology, conchology or any other science. It was the "supper and ball" side of the affair which allured them.

Something more or less on the same lines might seem to have been happening of late within what is now the second political party in the State, namely, the Labour Party.

THE precise colour of the elephant reposing in the hands of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his following need not greatly concern us. Possibly it is white—as the driven snow—and possibly it runs to a delicate shade of pink, through having the Red Flag sung over it so frequently. Mr. MacDonald avers that in any case it is not "a thousand-millionth part" as red as Bolshevism.

Twice lately, however, he and his Party have had recourse to the supper and dance idea on its behoof. The first occasion was on the eve of last Pancake Tuesday, the eve also of the opening of Parliament. For 2s. one could be "received" at the London Club by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, M.P., listen to a certain amount of classical vocalism, interspersed with speeches by Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Arthur Henderson, and proceed thence to an elegant supper and lashings of the "two-stepping" and Sweet Hortensing now so fashionable among our youth.

And so well satisfied were the promoters of the experiment, viz., the Labour Party Executive, that they repeated it the other evening at the Queen's Hall, where a "Red" Fancy Dress Ball was given and dancing carried on till midnight.

This time round speeches appear to have been left entirely out of the festivities. We are told that the event which most stirred the enthusiasm of the dancers was a Scotch reel by "those two firebrands of the House of Commons, Mr. David Kirkwood and Mr. Neil McLean," and that of the 16 Labour M.P.s present in evening dress, 15 at fewest were induced to walk round in fancy hats and carry balloons.

Nearly 1,200 persons attended this carnival, and it seems that while the affair was called "Red," "red was a subordinate colour in the pageant, which was a most picturesque one."

We have no complaint to make.

WE had just as soon see "firebrands" of the House of Commons reel Scottishly together as hear them talk, and just as soon see Labour M.P.s carry balloons as carry motions against Supply. Dancing will be dancing while the world lasts, and pretty girls pretty girls.

Yet in "The Book of Days" pretty girls may read that centuries ago a gentleman of the name of William Kemp danced from London to Norwich in one month, with "Tom the Piper" to pipe for him.

How many months will it take the young men and maidens of our present day and generation to dance from Queen's Hall to Moscow with some of our I.L.P. pipers at the instrument.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

SO many of our law-court "stars" are out-and-out cads that it is a real pleasure to be able to call one of them, unreservedly, a gentleman. Sir Ernest Wild is every prisoner's friend, and the friend of every witness, too. As a rule, both prisoners and witnesses are bullied and brow-beaten into such a state of nervous subjection that they don't know whether they are on their heads or their heels. Actually Judge and Counsel conspire to bring them to their knees. Every witness is made to feel he is the prisoner in the dock, and every prisoner is made to feel he is already breaking stones at Portland.

Sir Ernest has changed all that. The moment some ambitious barrister tries to be clever at the expense of the man who is giving evidence, the Recorder is down on him like a ton of bricks. If there is any bullying to be done, Sir Ernest considers that he is the man to do it—and it is usually the barrister who gets it in the neck!

Sir ERNEST WILD, K.C.

THAT engaging smile and courteous, informal manner achieves a far better result, in an infinitely more human way, than all the forensic fearfulness with which other Judges disgrace their courts. Above all, the Recorder doesn't care a tinker's damn for the pomp and circumstance of legal procedure; and as a consequence there is a comfortable air of domestic unrestraint about his court.

The fact of the matter is that he is first and foremost a human being. He believes that his job is to help people in trouble, not to put additional obstacles in their way. And the result is that he is regarded almost with affection by the oppressed hundreds who are forced by circumstances to spend a good portion of their lives in an atmosphere of wigs and gowns. For his fairness, no less than his friendliness, he is beloved of the under-dog. They know that at his hands they will at least get justice served up with a fair sprinkling of mercy. Even when Sir Ernest is compelled by circumstances to be stern, the prisoner knows it is unavoidable and that he deserves his sentence.

OF course he has his little vanities (which of us has not?) and these help us to understand the man. I once heard him say that he would like to be on the stage. In that simple wish he revealed an amusing weakness. He has a very effective, rather sonorous, voice; and he is quite childishly in love with the sound of it.

As he has been denied the pleasure of reciting favourite poetry in public, he makes up for the sacrifice by delivering nicely phrased exhortations to first offenders—to whom, in other respects, he is very merciful. In this way he manages to combine duty with pleasure.

AS is the case with all kind-hearted people, he sometimes pretends to be very severe. A typical instance occurs to me. He had been dealing in a most mild and charming manner with a man to whom he eventually meted out the least possible amount of punishment. When tackled on the subject afterwards, he said: "I hauled the fellow over the coals and gave it him hot and strong!"

But that was only his little joke! Unlike his brother-Judges, he is vastly more formidable off the Bench than on it. . . .

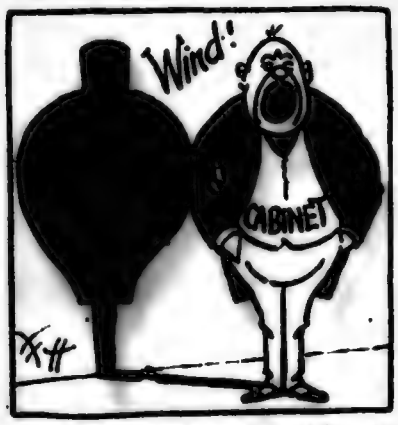
CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

With such a coat and such a "tit"
No wonder John looks gloomy.
Though Baldwin's cut it down a bit
It's still a trifle "roomy."

The Railway lines throughout the land
On farmers play the vulture.
The shocking rates they charge for freights
Are killing agriculture.

The Bolshies would be badly hit
If Lenin they should lose;
When he pegs out without a doubt
The Reds will have the "blues."



This brand new lot we've lately got
Are disappointing fellows;
They're all, we find, as full of wind
As any pair of bellows.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To Colonel JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—The ostrich, when it does not want to see anything unpleasant, buries its head in the sands and pretends to itself that the unpleasant thing is not there. You pretend that the cocaine traffic evil is imaginary, the creation of a stunt press, distracting the attention of the country from things that really matter. Have you heard of Billie Carleton and Freda Kempton, now in the graves of dope-victims, of Humphreys, the prosperous city merchant who got six months for dealing in opium—millions of deadly doses? Wake up, Colonel Ostrich Wedgwood. Help to save the victims, instead of wasting public time by talking ill-informed nonsense about a serious evil and public danger. JOHN BULL.

To GEORGE RICHMAN, Market Gardener, Hull.

SIR,—Although birds are the mortal enemies of fruit growers, your cruelty to a wounded crow stamps you as a contemptible brute. After shooting the bird you tethered it in a maimed condition to a stake in the ground for three days in order to scare off the others. It might have been left for many more days to this inhuman form of torture had not a constable arrived and put the suffering bird out of its misery. The fine of £2 imposed by the Bench is another case of utterly misplaced leniency. I should have liked to tie you by the leg and give you a three days' stretch as a scarecrow yourself. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Ministry of Health.

DEAR SIR,—While you are looking into the evils of maladministration in the hospitals, to which I have already drawn your attention, you must also bear in mind the terrible inadequacy of accommodation. The other day a poor fellow was injured by a motor-'bus at Bethnal Green and could not be received at the London Hospital because there was no room for him. I understand this hospital alone has a waiting list of nearly 1,000, and others are in a similar plight through want of funds. In a community like ours this sort of thing is unpardonable and if voluntary efforts won't meet the case it is up to you to devise some other means without delay. It is not beyond your powers. Do it now. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. P. C. MORGAN, Brewers' Society.

SIR,—From your recent remarks I gather that the brewing industry has set its face against any contribution to the cause of cheaper beer. For the past three years the brewers have been making grossly excessive profits out of the beer drinker. In spite of what Lady Astor and other pussyfoots may say, beer is the national drink of the masses; it has got to be cheapened and it is utterly unreasonable to expect the whole of the burden to fall upon the Exchequer. We have had quite enough profiteering in this industry, and you and your colleagues had better think again. JOHN BULL.

A "SUMMER-TIME" IDYLL!

BONAR LAW:—"How can I put this watch forward to 'Prosperous Times'?"
JOHN BULL:—"That's easy—you must use this Key!"

To the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P., Westminster.

SIR,—Yours is a sensible suggestion that the railway wages dispute should be submitted to the Railway Wages Board as an alternative to the threatened railway strike. Plainly—and courageously—you tell the strike firebrands that they are talking Prussianism. A railway strike, in a period of trade depression and unemployment, would be worse than a blunder, it would be a crime against the nation. Stand up for fair play for the railwaymen—and fair play for the rest of us too. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ROBERT WALLACE, K.C., Chairman, London Sessions.

SIR,—You were right not to be bull-dosed by a Borstal report on two boys who came before you. They were children of respectable parents and neither had been convicted before. Borstal reported that they were spoilt, foolish, vain, of weak character, with all the attributes of a criminal. You found out that the police did not supply any information of this kind. Where did it come from? I am glad to hear that you are going to investigate this matter. We have protested in season and out of season against the wicked futility and worse of Borstal. We welcome your valuable aid. Save our boys from being brutalised and Borstalised. JOHN BULL.

To Master WILLIE SHAND, "Baron of the Silver Skulls," Glasgow.

DEAR WILLIE,—You are a bold, bad criminal! At the head of your gang of infant desperadoes you have been in the habit of sallying forth from your headquarters in a disused cellar—to steal garments from clothes-lines on washing days! Alas! the war you have thus unremittingly waged on society has been brought to an inglorious end through the peaching of your subordinates, and you find yourself on probation. It is a humiliating position for a brigand, but though I hope you may become a reformed character, I also trust you will not give up your partiality for washing. JOHN BULL.

To Sir HERBERT NIELD, Bart., K.C., M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—You have been getting into hot water for voting against the Government on the night they were defeated in a snap division. Don't let that worry you. You went into the Opposition Lobby because you had given a distinct pledge to support the cause of the ex-Service men employed as civil servants, and you couldn't have gone there in a better cause. There is far too much of the follow-my-leader business in politics. All honour to you for following your convictions instead. JOHN BULL.

To Inspector PEARCE, Surrey Constabulary, Woking.

DEAR SIR,—For making a slight error in a report, which you at once took steps to rectify, you have been reduced to the rank of constable. This high-handed treatment on the part of your Chief must be further enquired into. On the face of it, it looks like a piece of arrant Prussianism, and I hope your fellow townsmen will insist upon an impartial inquiry. We have had too many cases lately of police officers being treated in this disgraceful way. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor LAWSON, Mayor of Sunderland.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to see that you have refused to grant an extension of licence which was asked for in order to hold another attempt to break the world's non-stop dancing record. "An idiotic exhibition verging on lunacy" is how you describe this sort of thing, and you are not far wrong. I hope other Benches will follow your example and stop these ridiculous stunts. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

AS will be seen from the certified figures on our first page, the net sales of John Bull have now reached the record total of 773,344. It would be affectation on our part to pretend that we are not intensely gratified by this signal measure of success. In these days of relentless competition in the field of popular journalism a net circulation of upwards of three-quarters of a million is one of which a daily newspaper might justly be proud, and in the case of a weekly journal such a figure is wholly unprecedented.

Now for the Million!

Less than twelve months have elapsed since we decided to stake everything upon a bold reconstruction of this journal on entirely new lines of policy. The experiment was a hazardous one, depending for its success upon the good will of the British public, and upon the ability of those serving under the old flag of John Bull to interpret and satisfy the needs of an awakened democracy. The result has more than justified our most sanguine expectations. Once again we number our readers by battalions, and speak from week to week with the satisfaction of knowing that our words will carry to the remotest corner of the land and overseas.

Nor is the numerical test the only one that can be applied to the circulation of a paper like ours. It has always been our peculiar pride to link our readers with ourselves in a bond of friendship, and if anything this tie has become stronger during the past twelve months. Our correspondence proves conclusively that the public are more and more looking to John Bull as guide, philosopher and friend, and if this fact adds to our responsibilities it brings its own encouragement.

At all times we welcome criticism and suggestions from the public; indeed, we want every reader to feel that in a very real sense the paper is his or hers, and that the wish of the individuals who make up our vast circulation is the law we seek to serve. Our motto stands, "For the People—the right to Justice and Truth."

UPON sober reflection all parties will join in condemning the disgraceful scenes which took place last week in the House of Commons. The ordinary citizen, waiting for Parliament to get on with the big important things that need doing, views such performances with utter impatience and disgust. The excited singing of the "Red Flag" and other revolutionary doggerel will do little to persuade the country that the Labour Party is fit to govern. But there is another side to the question.

Farce and Tragedy

The nation, to do it justice, has not forgotten its pledges to the ex-Service man, and there is a wide consensus of belief that in many thousands of cases these pledges have been so niggardly interpreted as to stain our honour for all time. Strong in the consciousness of popular support the Opposition seized the occasion of the Civil Service Estimates to defeat the Government, and the new wine of success went straight to their heads.

Over the sequel it is better to draw a veil; the spectacle of Labour and Radical M.P.s, assisted by a few ebullient Tories, behaving like a Bank Holiday crowd on Hampstead Heath, minus the good temper usually displayed on these festive occasions, was an unfortunate piece of silliness that is best forgotten.

The duty of remembrance lies deeper; it is the business of every citizen, no matter to what political party he belongs, to press home the charges of injustice to the ex-Service man. Only base ingratitude can forget their claims.

Almost simultaneously with last week's scenes in Parliament, and in sinister contrast to their levity, a bitter tragedy was enacted at West Bromwich. Worn out with weary applications to the Ministry of Pensions, an ex-soldier discharged from the Army five years ago, threw himself on to the railway line and so made an end of the unequal struggle against red-tape and bureaucratic delays. For most of the time, it appears, he had really been entitled to a pension, if only the officials would have bothered their heads sufficiently to get at the facts, and "in due course," as they say in Whitehall—only it happened to be after the poor fellow was dead—the award was issued giving him a gratuity of £40 and a pension retrospective for the past three years.

This was the sort of scandal that the Opposition and a few Conservatives who voted with them had in their minds last week, and the fact that they afterwards thought fit to play the fool is neither here nor there.

IT has been argued lately that cruelty to animals is sometimes due to want of thought rather than want of heart. This is doubtless true in regard to the slaughtering of animals for food, and animal-lovers should be grateful for the untiring efforts of the Duchess of Hamilton and Miss Lind-af-Hageby, who have focused public attention upon the cruelties inseparable from the present methods of slaughter.

The Shame of the Shambles

A still more determined move in the direction of reform is to be made by Sir Arthur Shirley Benn, M.P., who in a week or two's time, will invite the assent of the House of Commons to a Bill enforcing the universal use of the humane killer. With all our heart we wish this measure the success it deserves.

The public in general are disposed to divert their gaze from the brutalities of the slaughter-house, fearing, perhaps, to be sickened by scenes of whose existence they have an uneasy suspicion. The truth is that in many private abattoirs, either through carelessness or clumsiness, the vilest cruelties are practised, and it is the knowledge of these horrors which stimulates the reformers to fresh efforts.

The method of the humane killer, which stuns the animal before it is slaughtered, has been endorsed by the highest scientific authorities and is already in use on the Continent and in some parts of the United Kingdom where enlightened local authorities have adopted the humane by-law of the Ministry of Health. It is high time that the method was made compulsory throughout the land.

THERE are many worse things that can happen to a child than to be pushed from London to Brighton in a perambulator. Occasionally the exposure of the mind and nerves to unknown risks may be worse even than the maltreatment of the body, and we have little patience with the organised effort of the spiritualists to initiate children into the mysteries of their strange cult.

Children and Spooks

The truth of psychic phenomena may be a fit subject of investigation by scientific experts and a legitimate matter of interest to grown-up persons in general, but surely no man or woman in his or her senses would wish deliberately to tease the minds of growing youngsters with these baffling problems of life and death. The subject is altogether too morbid, too uncanny, too far removed from the wholesome joys of life for the impressionable mind of the child.

If it be true that 13,000 juveniles have already been roped into these spiritualist Sunday-schools we can only say that the poor mites have our sympathy. They would be far better employed, even on Sundays, in playing outdoor games or otherwise amusing themselves as normal children, untroubled by the shadowy science of spooks. The further suggestion that a selected number of these children are being actually trained as mediums is still more disquieting. Notoriously psychic experimenters are subject to a high degree of nerve strain, and the mere hint of such an ordeal for a child is one that outrages the normal mind.

The present-day tendency to treat children like grown-up people before they are out of the nursery needs careful watching. If it continues we may find that we have destroyed the youth of the rising generation before they arrive at manhood, and a nation which has lost the spirit of youthfulness is on the high road to decay. In the name of commonsense let us keep our thoughts of death to ourselves and let children learn the meaning of life untroubled by these nerve-racking attempts to pierce the veil of the unseen.

AT a time when a million men are vainly seeking for jobs the question of married women as wage-earners is bound to raise bitter feelings. The problem calls for clear thinking. In many cases the wife works of necessity to eke out her husband's earnings; to place a ban upon her efforts would be to discourage marriage and foster illicit relations. The same may be said of the married women who go on working from choice, although their numbers, we believe, are comparatively few.

Wives at Work

Certainly the ideal view is that which regards wifehood, with its natural and wholesome corollary of motherhood, as a satisfying career. Broadly, the matter is one not for an undiscriminating official ban, but for a wise judgment on the part of employers. The married woman working for pleasure who shuts out a married man working for the upkeep of his family has misconceived her duty to the race.

FROM BET TO BETTER

by HAROLD OWEN

WHETHER bets are taxed this year or next, taxed they are going to be. In these days the discovery of "a new source of revenue" (that little Eldorado for which Chancellors are always searching) cannot be passed over just to please the unco' guid.

It would be quite easy, of course, to argue them dumb when they contend that we must not tax bets because then we should be encouraging betting. Yet I have noticed that even those who have no sympathy with that irrational cant, and who express quite competently the few arguments necessary to demolish it, still treat it with respect and even deference. I do not; for nonsense is still nonsense even when based on evangelical fallacy, and one of our great weaknesses nowadays is that we suffer nonsense much too gladly.

But in this case the nonsense is finally based on intolerance, and for me that closes the discussion. The idea that to tax bets would mean that the State "recognised" betting is silly because it is irrelevant. Moreover, the conclusion is false. The State also "recognises" what is known, in the hideous jargon of the unco' guid, as "the traffic in strong drink"; but it would no more be encouraging us all to bet by taxing bets than the State encourages us all to drink by taxing drinks. Indeed, in sober fact (and sober facts are very relevant to such a discussion) the taxes on drink work quite the other way, and reduce consumption.

But trace this "recognition" argument to its real source, and you will find that it springs from the spirit of intolerance seeking State control of personal habits with which the State has nothing to do—except to collect whatever taxes may be conveniently going. I venture to say that we ought not to pay the smallest respect to such a motive, and that we shall really begin to "progress" when all these shackles are taken from individual liberty so that individual responsibility may come into its own again.

The one course open to a man who doesn't agree with betting is simply not to bet. The course open to a man who is not interested in horse-racing is to do what I do—devote my leisure or intelligence to other interests. But all this tyrannical desire to control other people's personal likes by tiresome and arrogant people full of dislikes is nearing its limit, and will be abandoned, in more fields than one, as soon as the public and political intelligence comes to realise that it involves an enormous moral evil—the destruction not only of the individual's rightful liberty but of his moral responsibility.

It is "up to" all of us to find out our mistakes by paying the penalty for them. If a man wishes to "put his last shirt" on a horse-race, by all means let him do so; and, if he loses, expiate his folly by going without one or by working to buy another. Conversely, if he wins a thousand pounds instead of losing his last shirt, then scruples about the State's taking ten per cent. to relieve the income-tax of those who don't bet, become simply childish.

So let us tax bets. But the profit to the revenue will be nothing to the profit of our moral stamina, from the wholesale revision of our preposterous and hypocritical gambling laws which will then have to follow.

THE WORLD IN THE

by A. G. GARDINER

"TWO great countries alone have, so far, survived the financia —this country and the United States. Upon their contin hangs the hope of world recovery." Mr. A. G. Gardiner reminds and tells us why Britain shares this position of tremendous respo draws a comparison between our financial system and those of ot which may well hearten the most despondent or pessimistic t

I DO not know, at the time of writing, the nature of Mr. Baldwin's Budget proposals, but it may be useful to discuss some of the larger considerations involved in the problem of national finance. It will be useful because there is not a household budget in the country which is not dependent on whether those who do the national housekeeping act both courageously and prudently in the present crisis. Nor is it merely a domestic matter. The question whether this country can keep its head above water is of importance to the world. So long as we can keep afloat there is a chance of salvaging the wreck, but if we go under financially the European system will go to the bottom, and we shall share in the disaster.

TEN years ago, Europe with its four hundred millions of inhabitants was the economic and commercial heart of the world. It was an enormous unit of power—the stronghold of the white civilisation. Its needs and energies kept the rest of the globe busy and prosperous. The wheels of trade went round to a merry tune. The tea merchant of India, the sheep farmer of Australia, the coffee grower of Brazil, the cattle raiser of the Argentine, the cotton planter of Texas found an abundant market for their products among the thickly-populated lands of Europe, and Europe repaid them with its manufactures and fertilised them with the credit at its command.

Then the world went mad, threw its wealth into the furnace of war, and kicked the whole structure of mutual trade to bits. And at the end of more than four years of peace it is still kicking it to bits. The result is before us in the reign of almost universal bankruptcy. The rich and mighty Europe of ten years ago is a pauper. From Calais to the Urals there is not one great country that can pay its way, or balance its budgets, or buy the things it wants from the countries that are anxious to sell. It is not only bankrupt itself; it is spreading bankruptcy like a plague over the earth.

TWO great countries alone have, so far, survived the financial catastrophe—this country and the United States. Upon their continued survival hangs the hope of world recovery. We have not weathered the storm because we have not been hard hit by it. No other country has suffered so much by the collapse of world trade; in no other country has there been, or is there at the present time, such widespread unemployment; in no other country has the burden of taxation been so crushing.

It is the latter fact, however, which has enabled us to keep our credit high. By submitting to taxation which is without precedent in any country at any time we have paid our way, balanced our budgets, and kept national bankruptcy at bay.

To understand what this means, take the contrary case of France. The French have had no unemployment, for they do not depend as we do upon world trade. They are individually the most prosperous people in Europe, with a widely-distributed wealth that has no parallel in this country where the fortunes are bigger, but in far fewer hands.

A. G. GARDINER.

But the French will not pay taxes. Their patriotism stops short of their pockets. They will lend money, at interest, to their country, but they will not give it to their country, and their Government goes on borrowing from them and piling up more debt in order to pay interest on the old debt.

And so we have the paradox of the individually richest people in Europe being nationally insolvent. Every year their budget deficit grows vaster and vaster; their debt higher and higher; the interest on it heavier and heavier. This in a time of "peace."

WHAT is the result? The franc, instead of being 25 to the £, is 70 to the £. If a panic comes, and if the people take fright about the security of their lendings to the Government, the franc will collapse as the German mark and the Austrian crown have collapsed, and the lenders will be in a worse position than if they had paid taxes as we have done instead of having compelled their Government to carry on with borrowings. They will find that in the end their individual wealth is no good if their national credit is destroyed. The figure on a banknote is nothing if it has not the security of national solvency behind it!

The whole middle class in Germany and Austria has been beggared because that security has gone, and because the figure on the banknote has come to mean nothing. If the credit of a country goes down the credit of the individuals who compose it vanishes with it.

That is the reflection that should make us bear even an oppressive taxation with fortitude. Public bankruptcy means private bankruptcy, and in enabling the State to pay its way we provide colle our private credit. We the £ in taxes and still b what is left to us is wor being valu

And th credit attr is the reas sovereign in value nearly a American this, th credit is foreign credit is their weal The Germ the Fren the Itali We are bankers o port in bankrupt good for them—and it i further enhances our cre us to pay in specie, go standard, and reap the national housekeeping.

I have laboured this must take long views in this matter of ta and the peace have pauperised the world, an falls the task of pulling it r service we can do for the ourselves is to keep one to standing in Europe. It w and heavy burdens for a prize will be worth the sa

DO not let us suppos other Government taxation by magic or jug have been broken and h What are the facts? Be us, all told, 200 millions —just about the amoun To-day it costs roughly is the chief cause of the cost of the war. In 191 on national debt was und day, interest and repaym amount to 350 millions pensions which cost 80 m

THE Editor does not necessarily share all views expressed on this page, b of sufficient interest and importance to warrant publication. It is inte journal the recognised platform for the free discussion of the leading topics of

RLD IN THE PAWNSHOP

by A. G. GARDINER

TWO great countries alone have, so far, survived the financial catastrophe —this country and the United States. Upon their continued survival ngs the hope of world recovery." Mr. A. G. Gardiner reminds us of this fact d tells us why Britain shares this position of tremendous responsibility. He ws a comparison between our financial system and those of other countries, which may well hearten the most despondent or pessimistic taxpayer.

nderstand what this means, take the y case of France. The French have unemployment, for they do not depend do upon world trade. They are in-

A. G. GARDINER.

lly the most prosper- ople in Europe, with ly-distributed wealth as no parallel in this where the fortunes ger, but in far fewer

the French will not kes. Their patriotism hort of their pockets. will lend money, at t, to their country, but ill not give it to their y, and their Govern- goes on borrowing them and piling up lebt in order to pay t on the old debt.

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at is the reflection that should make us even an oppressive taxation with forti-

Public bankruptcy means private uptcy, and in enabling the State to pay its way we provide collective security for our private credit. We may pay 10s. in the £ in taxes and still be the gainers, for what is left to us is worth 10s. instead of being valueless paper.

And the country that has credit attracts wealth. What is the reason that the English sovereign has been rising in value until it is now nearly at parity with the American dollar? It is this, that our national credit is so high that foreign countries, whose credit is gone, are sending their wealth here for security. The Germans have done so, the French have done so, the Italians have done so. We are becoming the bankers of Europe—the only port in the storm for the bankrupt nations. That is good for them—and it is good for us. It further enhances our credit, should enable us to pay in specie, go back to the gold standard, and reap the reward of honest national housekeeping.

I have laboured this point because we must take long views and wide views in this matter of taxation. The war and the peace have between them pauperised the world, and upon us mainly falls the task of pulling it round. And the best service we can do for the world as well as for ourselves is to keep one tower of public credit standing in Europe. It will mean hard going and heavy burdens for a generation, but the prize will be worth the sacrifice.

DO not let us suppose that this or any other Government can lift the load of taxation by magic or jugglery. The windows have been broken and have to be paid for. What are the facts? Before the war, it cost us, all told, 200 millions to run the country —just about the amount of our drink bill. To-day it costs roughly 800 millions. What is the chief cause of the difference? It is the cost of the war. In 1914, our annual interest on national debt was under 20 millions. To-day, interest and repayment of our war debt amount to 350 millions a year. Add war pensions which cost 80 millions, and we have a total of 430 millions against the 20 millions pre-war debt interest. Of every £ we pay in taxation, 10s. goes towards debt and pensions.

Of the remaining 10s. about 4s. goes in military and naval charges. There remains for all the civil life of the country 6s. out of each £ we receive. With this six shillings everything that ministers to the health and well-being of the people—housing, education, transport, the administration of the Post Office, supervision of health, the maintenance of public institutions, picture galleries, museums, and so on—has to be provided. We do not spend too much on these things; we spend too little. There are foolish people who want to economise on education. They want to risk the ship for a ha'porth of tar. A nation lives by its efficiency and they want to save on efficiency. They think ignorance is cheap. It isn't. It is the dearest thing you can buy.

But the point is that, however we pinch and save on the great matters that affect the life and health of the people, it won't substantially help us while 14s. of every £ we pay in taxes go to meet our debt and our military necessities.

OUR real problem is the debt, and to talk as if starving the schools or charging 6d. for admission to the British Museum was the way to economy is to talk sheer silliness. The debt is the burden the war has hung round our necks. There are four methods of dealing with it: (1) We could repudiate our debt. Unthinkable. (2) We could inflate our currency and so wipe the debt out as Germany has been compelled to do. But who wants to see the pound note at 6d. and everyone who has invested in war savings beggared? (3) We could have a capital levy, and with it redeem or partially redeem the debt. That was a possible policy at the end of the war when wealth was abundant. It is a very questionable expedient now the bubble of post-war wealth has burst. (4) There remains only the way of taxation. I hate high taxes as much as anyone, but I should hate still more to see the country shirking its duty and refusing to pay its way and redeem its debt. That would mean putting up the shutters indeed.

LET us live up to the great utterance of Pitt, when he was at grips with Napoleon: "England has saved herself and she will yet save Europe by her example."

It is worth doing, and, with courage, we can do it Only in this way can the plague of universal bankruptcy be stayed, world trade restored, and the moral leadership of this country in Europe established. Let us grouse if we like, but let us show that our patriotism reaches our pockets.

THE Editor does not necessarily share all views expressed on this page, but considers them of sufficient interest and importance to warrant publication. It is intended to make this journal the recognised platform for the free discussion of the leading topics of the day.

THE GREAT FOOD RAMP

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

IT is an extraordinary fact that despite the greatest lessons of the war the public memory is as short as ever. It is nearly four and a half years since the Armistice—the golden day when all the evils attendant on war were to be washed once and for all. No more wars. No more secret diplomacy. No more profiteering.

No more profiteering! It is ironical enough to think of the absurd faith of the public which could believe that at the earliest opportunity the abnormally high prices of food would come down to the pre-war level.

What has indeed come down are the wages, by a slow process which has been alas! only too sure. The wages of the working man to-day are well on the road to the pre-war level; but the callous profiteer shows little or no inclination to cut down in proportion the price of food, clothes, and housing.

All these are "to happen." They are the specious promises of soul-less speculators who feed the placidity of the working man with vows never to be fulfilled—that is, unless there is such an outcry by the public as will compel these post-war profiteers to disgorge part of their ill-earned profit.

It ought to be easy enough. In the past we have fought our elections on programmes which have had no more to do with the direct well-being of the working man than has a tooth-pick to a tattoo. We must—every one of us—see to it that our respective members of Parliament put such pressure on the Government that it shall be forced to act. We must at once get to the bottom of the great food ramp.

In certain trades—for instance, tailoring—a determined effort resulted in the break-up of the ring which kept prices to a high level. When the ring was broken, tailors who had been charging twice and three times the prices, found, strangely enough, that they could still make a fat profit out of the public. It is up to us to see to it that the same thing happens in other directions.

Let us put the case quite clearly. The fault is not so much with the wholesaler. We have a long list of their prices before us as we write, and there is no doubt that there has been a steady drop in the last year or so. But by the time the speculator, the middle-man, and the retailer have handled these same goods, the price has grown out of all recognition.

Take the instance of potatoes. The best old potatoes can be bought at £2 a ton wholesale in the market. Now work that out. £2 a ton is at the rate of about 10-lbs. for a penny, but where in London is it possible to buy this common article of diet at less than a penny a pound. Nearly a thousand per cent. profit. Abominable!

Who then gets the profit?

Grimsby turbot gives the profiteer about 300 per cent. profit; oysters bring 60 per cent. profit to the middleman. The working man's bacon is sold to him over the counter at over 200 per cent. profit. Same with butter and eggs and almost every article of food. No wonder, then, that there is a growing discontent on the subject. No wonder that unless the Government moves there will be an outcry loud enough to awaken even them from their tranquil sleep.

THE UNDERWORLD OF LONDON.

Swell Thieves—Amazing Revelations

IN London to-day, rubbing shoulders with the best in the land, are dozens, nay hundreds, of professional crooks. No one denies this but few actually know how these crooks work. The bald reports of their crimes reveal little. Only one who has actually played a part in the game can tell with truth the secrets of the Underworld. The man who has supplied the material for these articles is such a person. He knows. His information should prove invaluable to the authorities in their work in cleansing that Underworld.

I PROPOSE in these articles to give a true and faithful account of the Underworld of London as it exists. JOHN BULL has already described, with a wealth of detail, the apache dens, the cocaine traffickers, and those sinister organisations which pander to the depraved tastes of the rich and the idle, and has described thoroughly the queer resorts of depraved men and women in the grip of the drug fiend.

To these, however, could be added many descriptions. I wonder how many people of the "Overworld" know the house near—practically in—the Haymarket, where decadents and perverts maintain the creatures of their unnatural fancy! Since the Cleveland Street scandal of long ago, the police have been very chary of taking action against mass depravity; and although isolated cases come up to the Assizes and to the Old Bailey with monotonous regularity at every session, the police prefer that these horrible charges should be few and far between.

If I were a "policeman" in the sense that the Underworld uses that term, I could take them, with little trouble, to a house frequented by the highest in the land. I could show them another house, near Kew, where a certain type of establishment is maintained for the amusement of society women, the names of whom would take away your breath. But I prefer for the moment to deal with what I call the cleaner side of crime, and introduce you to that rapidly growing branch of the profession—checked for the moment by stringent regulations—the "knockers-off" of motor-cars.

The "Knockers-off."

THERE are to-day over 200 men in London engaged in that profession alone, without reckoning their hangers-on and assistants; and as times grow harder, their opportunities are increased enormously—and I will tell you why.

The other day a well-known car thief, who had just come out of prison, came to me with a remarkable proposition.

"Look here," he said, "here's a job for you. Go to ——— Gardens and 'knock-off' a Wolseley you will find there. You can't mistake it; it is standing outside of No. —— and is painted blue."

"I'm not going to do anything so silly," I replied. "Why, ——— Gardens is full of people. There's a copper at the corner of every turning. I want to know all about the owner first——"

"Don't worry about the owner," he said. "We're getting a pony apiece to do it for him. The only thing is, to get it well away before he starts squeaking."

I didn't do the job, but this was the strength of the swindle: The owner was "going bad"; he was as near broke as possible, selling off his furniture and wanted the insurance money on his car. He was what I call a half-and-half crook. He got in touch with my friend, and this was the plan put up, that the car should be stolen and that the owner should put in his claim for insurance. And I can tell sceptical people that a very goodly proportion of the cars stolen in England are stolen with the full connivance of—and by arrangement with—the owners. You would be astounded at the number of swindles worked in this way.

How the Cars are Stolen.

THE new County Council street regulation dealing with the registration of cars has only made it difficult to dispose of machines in England. The head of the car-stealing business is a man apparently holding a very good position in the City. He is a quiet, unassuming, well-dressed man, the last you would dream was connected with a crooked business. And yet that man handles hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of stolen cars every year. He is the acknowledged boss of the game, and he works so cleverly that I very much doubt whether the police will ever catch him. His trail is covered in every direction. He buys from different men, and when I tell you he has a straight garage, and owns a second-hand motor-car business, and is above suspicion, you will see how easy it is for him to wangle the cars he buys.

Suppose you "knock-off" a car (if you will forgive me for suggesting that you would do such a thing) and you happen to be inside the ring, this is the procedure: You go to the local receiver, whom we will call Bob. Bob has a look at the car, examines its engine and offers you a price, which should be fixed, but, in the case of the local dealers, that is not always the case. You have to take what he gives you, and after you have pocketed your money the matter ends—so far as you are concerned.

No Chance for Amateurs.

OF course if you're an amateur and outside the ring you haven't the ghost of a chance of disposing of the car, because, even if you had a dim idea that Bob was a crook, unless he knew you he would not only refuse to purchase but would inform the police, with whom he has to "keep sweet."

It's the simplest thing in the world to prove that you are honest—when you're not, and our friend Bob realises it more than anyone I know. He can't be tempted by the prospects of a few pounds profit on a "deal" if the man who is trying to sell him a stolen car isn't in the ring. Excepting a few friendly policemen and his crooked pals he considers every man his enemy and he's taking no chances. He'd simply make use of the "amateur" thief to establish his credit as it were by giving him away. If at any time suspicion fell on him he could then say confidently—"I've proved my honesty. I put the police on the track of a thief," and forget to mention that he also pocketed the reward for the car's return.

The price for a stolen motor-car is anything from £10 to £20—I have received as little as £3, but that was for an old Ford. A Ford, of course, is the easiest car to steal, because there are so many of them that, if the police started stopping every Ford they saw on the roads to examine its chassis number, the force would have to be doubled and trebled. For a Sunbeam, fairly new, a man can get a pony (£25). But distinctive cars like Daimlers and Rolls-Royces are very difficult to get rid of. If you do have a bit of luck and "knock-off" a Rolls, in circumstances which make it easy for the purchaser to describe the machine, you might get anything up to £50, but you would not get more.

When the receiver has got the car in his garage his first job is to get rid of it before the local police come nosing round. The number-plate is changed, and the car is driven to a central garage belonging to the "head man," who pays a fixed price to the receiver, who thereafter is no longer interested in his loot.

The Thieves' Centre.

AT the central garage the car is instantly stripped, a new radiator and a new bonnet fixed, and its colour changed. It is then enclosed in a big packing-case addressed to another agent in India, China, Australia, South Africa, or South America, put on a trolley and shipped to the docks.

I have known the police to be searching the country up and down for cars that have been waiting in one of the London docks ready for shipment! Most stolen cars nowadays are shipped abroad; and if you ever want to see again the Sunbeam that was lifted from your doorstep, or the nice little Rover that disappeared when you were shopping, you will have to go to Madras or Bloemfontein or some other inaccessible spot, and even then you might not recognise it, for they will be doing duty as light farm wagons!

Robbery Under Arms.

MOST of the car thieves are expert motor engineers. Their daring is incredible, and I will give you an instance. During the war a certain General Officer Commanding a Division had a beautiful Vauxhall. It

was such a nice car that it attracted the attention of a professional motor thief who was serving in France in the Mechanical Transport. To most men the idea of "knocking-off" a car at the front, and getting it out of the country, would have been so impossible that they would never have given it two minutes' thought. But this man was both ingenious and daring. One morning the car was missed. There was the devil of a row; telegrams flashed in all directions; nobody had seen the handsome Vauxhall of the G.O.C. It was on its way to Calais; was turned into a repair depot, where the thief had friends, and in a week was in England, where it was offered for sale to the military authorities, purchased, and returned to the very part of the line where the general was in command!

Recognising His Own Car.

ONE day, going up to the line, he saw a car by the side of the road, stopped his own and got out. It was occupied by a Cabinet Minister who was visiting the line; and the General, who was a choleric individual, and had no respect for politicians, immediately demanded its return. In the end he had his way. His Vauxhall came back to him—only to disappear within a month—the motor thief had been busy again, but this time he drove it to Paris and sold it to the Red Cross.

The profits on this business are enormous. The men who are in it make thousands a year and have "straight" cars of their own.

What are the police doing you ask? The police are well-nigh powerless. ***There are in England over a thousand motor-car dealers, either directly or indirectly working hand in glove with the big man,*** and the organisation of the trade has grown so naturally, and the "big man" is so cleverly "hidden" by his agents, that it is practically impossible to catch him, even though the police know him by name and are well aware of the business he is engaged in.

Motor-car stealing has become an industry—almost as great an industry as the exportation of liquor to America—about which I will tell you something next week.

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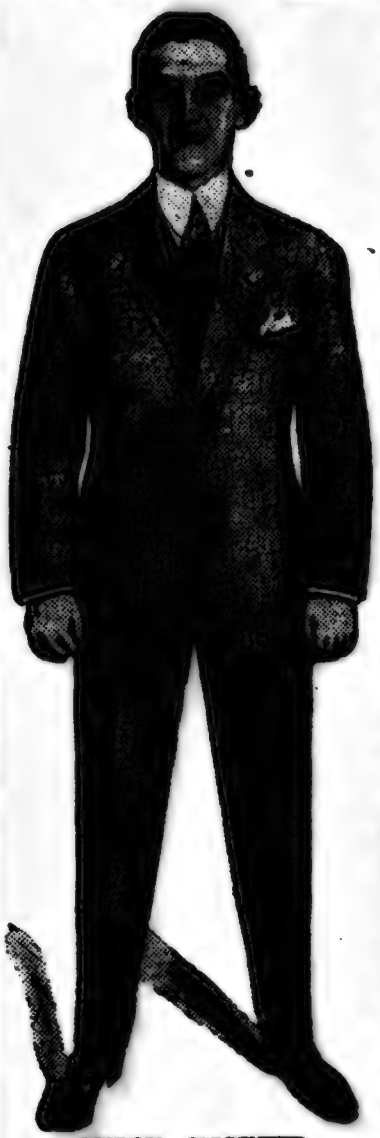

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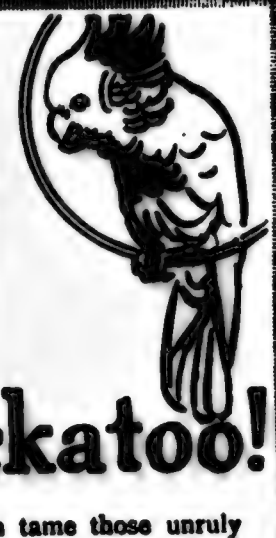

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UNDERGROUND HISTORY

Ford and "Fat"

by HARRISON OWEN

"I WISH, George, I could get yew to tyke an hintelligent hinterest in literatchoo," remarked Mr. James James, the Underground Traveller.

"I 'ate literachoo," announced the other; "wot I likes is somethink a bloke can read."

Mr. James sighed. "You're hopeless, George; so I suppose it ain't no use tellin' you ter read this 'ere book: 'My Life An' Work,' by 'Enry Ford."

"You mean ther bloke wot makes motor-cars out o' sardine tins?"

"Put it that way if yer like. I don't suppose you can crack any jokes abaht 'is cars that 'Enry 'asn't 'eard before, seein' as 'ow 'e invented most o' ther jokes 'imself. Not as I know anythink abaht ther Ford runabahts—which, 'is travellers tell you with a wink are called that becos they run abaht a mile an' then stop—but I do know as 'ow this 'ere book is a reel knock-out."

"Wot's it do—tell yer 'ow to mike a motor-car out of er few bits of scrap iron an' ther linin' from a pianer case?"

"NO, sir, it doesn't," interrupted a stout gentleman with a boiled eye and several superfluous chins who was sitting opposite. "It's a most pernicious book. It sneers at bankers, tells business men that they should be content with smaller profits and advocates treating common workingmen, like yourselves, as if they were as good as members of the uppah classes. A most pernicious book written by a renegade capitalist!"

"I 'ates capitalists," announced George.

"Nah, nah, George," interposed Mr. James soothingly, "no 'asty words. We must set our betters a good hexample in bekavin' like gen'lemen. This 'ere is Mr. Fatman, ther lard an' linoleum king—ain't I right, sir?"

The other nodded.

"YER see, George," explained Mr. James, "Mr. Fatman 'ere is one sort of capitalist an' 'Enry Ford is another sort. 'Enry ain't out neither to smash labour nor to bleed ther consoomer; 'e won't allow no sweatin' an' no slackin' neither; 'e reckons as 'ow good quality counts for more than big profits, turns out ther cheapest car on ther market, makes millions almost without tryin' an' keeps 'is workmen 'appy an' contented."

"By paying them a pound a day!" snorted Mr. Fatman.

"Pays er quid er day, does 'e?" cried George; "'e'd do me!"

"An' you'd do 'im, George, if yer stuck to yer job an' didn't try no Bolshie tackticks," said Mr. James. "That's ther sort of bloke 'e is—gives er square deal an' exspects one. If they wos all like 'im we wouldn't be 'avin' strikes an' lock-outs, an' ther red flag-wagger, hinstead of fightin' with ther jawbone of an hass, would 'ave ter git work or go under. As for ther other sort of capitalist—ther sweatin', grindin', quid-snatchin' 'ard-face——"

"What about him, sir?" demanded Mr. Fatman.

"Well, I suppose if 'Enry Ford 'ad ernough jobs to go round, 'ardface wouldn't get no one to work for 'im an' might 'ave to tyke to workin' for 'imself, which would be crool 'ard on 'im."

THE train was drawing into Down Street and Mr. Fatman prepared to leave. "It is obvious, my man," he growled, "that you know nothing about economics. As for Ford and his bone-shakers—bah! Give me a Rolls-Royce!"

"Can't do that, sir, as I don't 'appen ter 'ave one with me," remarked Mr. James affably, "but I'll give you er bit of good advice if you'll tyke it."

"No, I won't" snapped the other.

"That's ther worst of your sort o' capitalist—you never meet er bloke as man to man. Nah', 'Enry Ford—"

"Damn Henry Ford!" yelled Fat, as bristling with indignation from spats to topper, he hurled himself on to the platform, leaving Mr. James brooding upon the eternal cussedness of human nature.

"HOMES" THAT ARE PRISONS

The Cry of the Children

by CLIVE NORTON

"RELIEF for homeless children in institutions, whether they are workhouses, or big schools, or isolated communities, can provide warm shelter, sufficient food, and school teaching, but it cannot give the joy of being loved, or the power of loving, by which all the best in us is developed. Those stimulating influences come from personal care, individual affection, and the give and take of family life."

These are the words of the State Children's Association, a body which has as its object the furtherance of the interests of the poor little delinquents who, because they are parentless or because they have committed some childish "crime," are incarcerated for a term of years in Borstal institutions or reformatories.

Commendable objects indeed, as JOHN BULL's recent exposures of the hideous treatment meted out to the children in these institutions have shown.

THE S.C.A. has definite views on the care of these State children. They are sane and sensible views which, if considered and adopted by the authorities, would go far to remove the terrible slander on the name of the nation which the Borstal system constitutes. This Association's view is that the boarding out of children should be increased, and, wherever possible, legalised adoption encouraged. By this means in good homes, in good surroundings, and under the influence of charitably minded and tender-hearted foster parents, there is not the slightest doubt that the proportion of children who develop into criminals would be vastly reduced.

Over 650,000 children were being relieved in one form or another on January 1st of last year. Depressing figures enough! But even if we gloss over the hideous fact and content ourselves with the smug reflection that we all suffer under the economic conditions of which these figures are the result, it is heart-breaking to think that it is as a result of crass official mismanagement that so many of these Poor Law children are manufactured into criminals.

We have authority for the contention which we have repeatedly rammed home through these columns, that wherever children's courts and the probation system are well administered, juvenile delinquency decreases, and that where punishment is used instead of reformative treatment, where, in fact, probation is a chimera, juvenile crime increases.

IF, through misfortune, the State has to take these children in hand, it would seem to be the most obvious common-sense to make the best of them, to mould them into men and women of which the country would be proud.

In such a way would the State be repaid for its magnanimity.

But that is not the way of the Shortts and Bridgemans of officialdom: "There they are; there let them rest," is their motto. "Let them be tainted; let them eat out their young hearts in their comfortless prisons, and let them, when the moment comes for their release, go among the people, bitter, broken-hearted and brutal! Then we will take them back again into the fold. They call it prison; we call it home."

A stupid as well as cruel view to take of the matter.

THERE is not the slightest doubt that a full and impartial inquiry into the Borstal and reformatory systems would condemn them as utterly inefficient, and even such callous individuals as Home Secretaries might have their hearts touched by the harrowing details of the sufferings of these little ones confided to their care.

There is one official, I am glad to say, who is worthy of the name of Humanity. He is Mr. Clarke Hall, the Old Street Police Court Magistrate.

He considers that Borstal makes criminals and agrees that the adoption system is an estimable one, if proper supervision of the children from a sympathetic standpoint is maintained. "In the event of adoption," he says, "a child's past should be wiped out."

The solution to this vital problem therefore resolves itself into the complete relegation to the scrap heap of the institutional system, and the encouragement of adoption under sympathetic supervision.

Let Mr. Bridgeman note these facts.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"WILTSHIRE TIMES": — "Parish Church Easter Social . . . The Vicar thanked . . . the Hon. Secretary (Mr. H. C. Kyte), who had done his best to make the FUNERAL a success."

"STAR" (Guernsey): — "Aberdeen Line to Australia . . . The direct service is so well established that direct sailings are already booked for HELL this year."

"SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH": — "Mrs. Goddard jumped first and dropped into the garden SAFELY, but in doing so, FELL ON SOME FENCING AND FRACTURED HER RIBS."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"He . . . drew out some GOLD NOTES, which he flung on the table."

"MIDDLESEX COUNTY TIMES":—"To Let . . . 2 furnished rooms, WITH USE OF CHILDREN."

"JOHN O' LONDON'S WEEKLY":—"One sees them lounging ON THE PAVEMENT . . . WHISPERING soft nothings to a dark-eyed Juliet safely ensconced behind iron gratings AT A THIRD-FLOOR WINDOW."

"BURTON-ON-TRENT DAILY MAIL":—"With FIVE SHOTS, the late earl, who was a splendid marksman, once managed to kill 2,000 PHEASANTS AND HARES."

"DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE":—"A young woman . . . came up to the TICKET WINDOW, PUT IT IN HER PURSE and then transferred the purse to a small travelling bag."

"GALLOWAY ADVERTISER AND WIGTOWNSHIRE FREE PRESS":—"The shipyard at Whiteinch . . . has been purchased and re-opened by Messrs. Barclay, Curle & Co., The works have been CLOSED FOR OVER TWO HOURS."

"LEVEN, WEMYSS AND EAST FIFE MAIL":—"Cowdenbeath go strong with SEVEN WINS out of their past SIX MATCHES."

"POULTRY" (advertisement):—"Eggs from FARM 1,000 FEET HIGH."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—"When LEARNING TO WALK, the 18-YEAR-OLD SON of . . . a labourer . . . fell against a chair and dislocated his neck."

"HUTCHINSON'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE": "All of a sudden I heard the LOUDEST SOUND I EVER HEARD IN MY LIFE. I heard the watch STOP TICKING."

"CORNISH GUARDIAN":—"She was attended by Miss —— ——, WHO WORE A DRESS OF PINK TULIPS AND CARNATIONS."

"YOUNG BRITAIN":—"The thing came IN SILENCE, its padded feet THUDDING ON THE ROAD."

"WESTERN MAIL" (advertisement):—"SOUTH WALES . . . To Let, Furnished . . . Family Residence . . . 4½ MILES FROM LONDON, 6 MILES FROM SWANSEA."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"Blake located SIR HENRY AND HIS WIFE IN A FIRST-CLASS COMPARTMENT . . . HER LADYSHIP WAS STANDING ON THE PLATFORM.

"Greatest of These" Fund Acknowledgments on Page 26.

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

A Modern Cinderella.

"EIGHTEEN years ago I married a second time. There was one child, a girl, of the first marriage, who is now 21, and since her mother's death has stayed with her grandmother. My present wife has never taken to her stepdaughter.

"Some time ago my daughter had an attack of rheumatic fever from which she has never fully recovered. Her grandmother is very old and unable to look after her properly. I have asked my wife to let her come here for a time, but she does not like the idea.

"There is plenty of room for her here, and if she is not looked after, I fear she may follow her mother, who died very early. She is very dear to me. Should I bring her to my house and risk unpleasantness?"

"Humanist" says: *Your duty is to have your daughter at home and look after her, at the risk of any 'unpleasantness' which may interfere with your personal comfort.*

The neighbours' Taunts

"THROUGH unemployment I have been compelled to be wage-earner for my family of seven, all under 14 years of age. My neighbours and relations-in-law, especially the latter, have taunted me so much about leaving my children all day in the care of a servant, that I feel as if life is not worth living. I know that home is a woman's sphere, but can I see my children hungry and naked for the sake of other people's talk?

"I am losing heart, for the taunts are sinking deeper and deeper, and I'm afraid one day I shall throw discretion to the winds and end it in the coward's way."

"Humanist" says: *That would indeed be foolish. Try to realise that your domestic affairs concern yourself alone, and that any who criticise are guilty of insolent and unwarranted interference. Unquestionably you are doing the right thing, and deserve credit, not criticism.*

Welsh and Proud of It!

"I AM an Englishman, married to a Welsh girl. We have four children. My wife is very proud of her Welsh breeding, and boasts a great deal of it. We live in a small village.

"On being discharged from the Army in 1920, I obtained a fairly good job here and settled down. You can judge my consternation when I found that my wife had brought up my children as Welsh, regardless of the fact that I neither speak nor understand that language. In spite of my remonstrances she encourages them to talk Welsh, with the result that I can neither converse properly with nor understand them.

"When I get home, my kiddies are romping and playing happily about the house, but I cannot participate or even interest myself in their games, because they are always conducted in Welsh. Their mother speaks to them in Welsh, and to me in English. All their playmates are Welsh, and what little English is taught in the schools is forgotten as soon as lessons are over."

"Humanist" says: *It is your business to control the education and upbringing of your children. They may be handicapped later on by an inadequate knowledge of English.*

Work not Charity.

"I AM 29 years of age, married, with one child. Physically and mentally I am sound, and fairly well educated. I have travelled the Western States and Canada, and possess a comprehensive knowledge of mining in all its branches (excepting coal); can drive and completely overhaul any make of car, being a graduate of an American school of motor engineering. I served 2½ years with the M.T. Section, Canadian Flying Corps, and 1½ years with the 5th Borders.

"I ask neither for money nor charity; all I want is work and a chance. I have been unemployed since Christmas, 1920, and am prepared to go anywhere and do anything. I have not even a roof to shelter me and mine, having to depend upon the generosity of friends. Can you give me any hope?"

"Humanist" says: *I like the tone of your letter, which I insert in the hope that some of my readers may be able to help.*

Is He Going Blind?

"SOME years ago I had a serious illness, as a sequence to which I temporarily almost lost my sight, but I eventually recovered it, and could see as well as ever.

"My occupation is one which needs keen eyesight, and is more or less a continuous strain, and it was nearly a year before I could return to it. All my life reading has been my pastime.

"I am now turned fifty, and the problem that weighs upon me is this; occasionally, during recent months, my vision has periodically become blurred; I have a recurrence of pains in the temples, yet an oculist says there is nothing wrong with my eyes.

"As I have a family dependent upon me, is it my duty to cut out my favourite pastime—which will make me utterly miserable—in order to avoid risks to my sight?"

"Humanist" says: *I should not be inclined to accept the judgment of your oculist without corroboration by a specialist. It seems likely that a further examination will reveal the trouble and make its correction possible. If not—your duty to your family being of paramount importance—you must reconcile yourself to the necessity of reducing reading to a minimum.*

Drinking to Madness.

"MY mother is greatly addicted to drink, with the result that my young brother, aged 8, is being sadly neglected. My father died in 1918, and my mother has a life pension, which is all spent on drink—methylated spirits to be precise. She is never a day sober, and I firmly believe that she is not responsible for her actions.

"My sister has had to leave home through ill-treatment. She is very cruel and utterly unlike the mother she used to be. She is never to be seen in a sane condition. If I were working, I could of course clear out and take the boy with me. Could she be put in a home?"

"Humanist" says: *I think if she goes on much longer this way she will be put in a lunatic asylum. See the relieving officer and get his advice.*

Devotion under Difficulties.

"I AM a girl of 24 years of age, and prior to the war was on the point of being engaged to a man. He was very severely wounded at the front, losing a leg and eye, and having one arm badly shattered. He learnt a new trade after discharge, and now has a well-paid and permanent position.

"He has asked me to marry him but my parents raise the objection that he has had so many operations that his health has probably been affected, and he might not live for many more years. I am devoted to him, and would marry him at once if he would do so without their consent, but this he refuses to do, though he says he will never marry anyone else.

"Should I not tell him that I place him before the wishes of my parents, and that, both being anxious to marry, we should do so?"

"Humanist" says: *I admire your devotion, but very much doubt your wisdom. Wait for a year or two and see whether his health improves. To marry an invalid is cruelly for both parties.*

Her Sister's Husband

"MY brother-in-law, in whose house I have lived for two years, and who is a man of position in the religious world, has taken advantage of me, a girl of nineteen. He suggests that I should go to a certain place in London—we live in Southport—and have an operation that will get me out of my trouble. I am afraid. I am also afraid to tell his wife, who is my sister, and who is delicate. I have no mother. What should I do?"

"Humanist" says: *Under no circumstances do as your brother-in-law suggests. Write to the Council for the Unmarried Mother, 19, Berkeley Square. They will advise you how best to face the trial that lies before you. Leave your brother-in-law, he is a scoundrel.*

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MAY

Sports and by ROWLEY

A HORSE THAT WOULDN'T TRY—SELECTIONS EN MASSE—A GAME FOR PUNTERS

"HE who will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay." I was reminded of this old Scottish proverb when I was at Alexandra Park the other day and saw a horse, who could have won its race by the length of a street, being fiddled and messed about with, and, in the end, most clumsily beaten. They think they will win a really big race with this one; but as I had £80 on the animal, and didn't know till afterwards that it wasn't trying, I was not unnaturally annoyed.

Keep Off Drake!

Keep off Drake! I sound this note of warning to all and sundry who imagine that Drake is more or less of a certainty both for the Derby and the Guineas. If anybody wants to back this horse, I am willing to lay 100 to 1 against his chance in either race. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't lay it, because I should be robbing my readers. Remember what I told you, to get a good price about Heliaster for the Derby, and if you can back Crispena each way for the 1,000 Guineas, you are certain to have a run for your money.

A Certainty That Wasn't.

Readers who like to know the inside of things will be interested to learn that Ickwell Green was considered something near a racing certainty for the race won by Crimson Sun. The horse would not start; it trotted in a few minutes after the race was all over.

Wild Goose.

I inadvertently described Wagtail Colt last week as The Wild Duck. I should, of course, have said The Wild Goose. Dr. Ryan's grey is by no means fit, and my information about this horse was wholly wrong.

Still Going Strong.

The public interest in sweepstakes was emphasised by the enormous amount of publicity which the dailies and weeklies gave to the winners of the Grand National "draw." The first prize in Duggan's Derby Sweep is £10,000, and the Cantonal Bank, Altdorf, Switzerland, will find him.

Stop It!

People who send me money to back horses for them cost me the price of a postage stamp. All such money is returned. Don't do it!

Craven Week.

This is Craven Week, and the superior racing folk pretend that real racing didn't start until yesterday. I am not so sure that they're wrong.

Soubriquet.

The only news I have about the City and Suburban is that Soubriquet is expected to "walk it." The filly is cherry ripe, and the Newmarket people are amused at the idea of Re-echo beating her. I see she is quoted at 8 to 1 in some of the Northern lists, but you'll be lucky to get eights on the day of the race. She ought to have won the Oaks in a trot.

Don't Bet With Him.

It doesn't matter what paper a bookmaker's advertisement appears in: if it isn't in the *Sporting Life*, don't bet with him. He may be a welsher, he may be straight; but if the *Sporting Life* refuses his advertisements, it is good enough for you to take your custom elsewhere.

I'm Off Town Guard.

I may be prejudiced, but I won't have Town Guard for the Derby, whether he wins the Guineas or not. I saw him at exercise the other day; and although he is a fine-looking horse, in my opinion he is not a Derby horse.

Mass Selections.

Do you believe in mass selections? My friend "The Baron" made it pay last year. He takes groups of ten horses, every one of which has to be backed until the group shows a profit, when it is closed. A group is also closed when ten points are lost. Amuse yourself by making groups of the following horses:—Roman Bachelor, Soval, Westmead, Ballast, Old Nic, Vambrace, Sewing Machine, D'Orsay, Crispena, Black Gown, Sicyon, William Tell, Wilhelmina, Steamer, Grand Lassie, Sierra Leone, Psychology, Glen Andred, Blackland, Meteoric, Chartered, The Owl, Corporal, Rosemead, Gentleman, Nymphida, Musical Ride c., Thoughtless, Heliaster, Legend, Backstair, Recess, Rossmoyne, Billy Beck, Unison, Gay Canopy, Friar's Daughter, Galway Prince, Sans Doute, Wil's Neck, Bhuidhaonach.

And please note that there are none of the big three-year-olds in this list, so add to it Twelve Pointer, Pharos, Simon Pure (who, of course, isn't a three-year-old at all), Blandford and Celtic Prince. Group them just as you wish—70 per cent. of them will win races.

Our Prize Paper.

The winner of my prize competition is a Battersea reader who sent no name. His card was marked: "Silver Hue and Crimson Sun 5s. double." He won £7 17s. 6d. If he will send me his name, I shall send him on a £5 note.

Sixty Penny Doubles!

Some of the cards were extraordinary, and of course wholly impossible. One man sent 60 penny doubles! The complication of the "any to come" and "up and down" bets kept my brain-weary staff busy far into Sunday night. Incidentally, I have discovered why punters do not make money. They try themselves a bit too high, and all they win on the straight bet, they lose on the "any to come" and the "ups and downs" and the queer little doubles and trebles and impossible accumulators.

The people who showed any winning balance were those who went out for straight bets: simple doubles without "any to come" contingencies. If the cards had been genuine bets, and 5s. had been invested on each, and I were the bookmaker, I should have made a profit of considerably over £1,000!

Another Competition.

Of course it was a perfectly rotten day for the punter, and I am going to give him another chance; but this time we will cut out the complications. I will give £5 to the reader who sends me the "paper" which shows the biggest profit on a 5s. double, treble or straight bet, without any "any to come," "up and down," etc., contingencies. The bets must be written on postcards, addressed to me at this office, and must bear Friday's postmark. Remember, nothing but one double or a treble or a straight dollar bet. The 5s. must be invested in once. Let us hear from you.

If you send letters, I shan't open them. Postcards or nothing.

Count Ross.

The disqualification of Count Ross was a mistake; the upholding of the local stewards' decision by the National Hunt Committee is a scandal. The truth is—and there is no sense in pretending otherwise, the National Hunt Committee is not trusted by the public as the Jockey Club is trusted. The most flagrant cases of pulling and "fiddling" are constantly occurring under the nose of the not-too-august body, and the stewards take not the slightest notice.

What a Game!

There is every appearance that the decision of the N.H.C. is a case of saving the face of the local stewards. That isn't the game. We know this of the Jockey Club Stewards: that they would make their nearest relatives look small if the evidence justified their action.

SELECTIONS.

NEWMARKET (WEDNESDAY).

2.0 Desolation J. (Oliod).
2.30 Harry Oh (Moabite, Ishtar).
3.0 Pombal (Wellwisher, Badnabay).
3.30 Villager (Fodder, Pucka Sahib).
4.0 Volnoes (Klondyke, Cloth of Gold).
4.30 Friars Melody (Catalini, Eagerford).
5.0 Cadabra (Cortona, Corporal).

NEWMARKET (THURSDAY).

1.0 Queen Mary (Unison, Golden Arch).
1.30 Perhaps So (Rimple, Stronsay).
2.0 Silver Hue (Sierre Leone, Mary Selby).
2.30 Clio (Mosaic, Dante).
3.0 Top Gallant (Portumna, Meteoric).
3.30 Sunrising (Spinel, London Cry).

DERBY (FRIDAY).

2.0 Musical Ride (Credenda).
2.30 Claremont (Paxton).
3.0 Back Stair (Ojira).
3.30 Soval (Port Royal, Humpty Dumpty).
4.0 Cadabra (Polydipsia, Varzy).
4.30 Haingaff.

DERBY (SATURDAY).

2.0 Gentleman (Polista, Mary Selby).
2.30 Paramount Chief.
3.0 Black Fairy (Nora Mactavish, D'Orsay).
3.30 Thoughtless (Steamer, Sllurian).
4.30 Pombal (Monnale, Phœnix).

Answers to Correspondents.

MAX (Birkenhead).—No penalty is imposed in the Lincolnshire Handicap. Precious was therefore unpenalised. It is the only big handicap in the year with such conditions.

LEONARD BROWN (Hull).—Levy, who was a partner of Douglas Stuart, has been dead 6 years. He was the kindest of men, who rose superior to the misfortunes of his youth.

TELL-TALE (Chester).—It is not usual for bookmakers to send their accounts on postcards to a man's place of business. In my opinion, the act constitutes a libel. Consult a solicitor.

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TOP GALLANT

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Sportsmen MILE

FREE WIRES FOR PUNTERS—ALL ABOUT THE PLAYERS IN THE CUP FINAL

My Free Wire Service.

I am being constantly asked by readers if I cannot devise some method whereby I can get information to them at the last minute. Last-minute news is generally the best, but it is expensive to send. For instance, on Monday and Tuesday of last week I had Sunny Rose (2nd 10/1), Hymir (2nd 100/8), Lute g. (won 8/1), Well Shot (won 7/2); whilst the week before I had, amongst other things, Meteoric (won 7/1) and others I can't remember.

Keep the Code.

I get these in plenty of time to wire, but wires cost money and I can only help a limited number. I am willing to do my best, however, and those who care to send me a couple of stamped addressed telegraph forms (1s. stamp on each—postage, *not* insurance or Irish stamp) can try the experiment. Will you please note the following code, as I shall not be able to wire fully:—

Red	means	"Well tried."
Blue	"	"A job to-day."
Green	"	"Very much expected."
Pink	"	"Regarded as a certainty."
Brown	"	"Advise you to back this each way."
Yellow	"	"Back this to-day and to-morrow; uncertain when it runs."

Address letters containing stamped addressed wires to Rowley Mile, John Bull, 94, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

Cut out and keep the code.

HORSES TO NOTE.

Cadalra (4 yrs.).—This mare was by no means disgraced when second to Ulula at Birmingham, and is worth bearing in mind for any race she may contest in the near future. A note may profitably be made of the fact that she is a handy mount for a boy.

Vandricourt (3 yrs.).—The only one of his opponents at Leicester to put up the semblance of a fight against Pombal, this colt is not at all unlikely to go one better next time out. Being a son of Willonyx, his stamina can be taken on trust.

Shrove (3 yrs.).—A half-sister to Fifinella, Silver Tag and Silvern, this filly has stuck well enough to Soubriquet and Captain Fracasse in recent gallops to prove that she is on the up grade. A winning bracket probably awaits her at no distant date.

Highbrow (4 yrs.).—After running in the Queen's Prize at Kempton Park, this horse "blew" so hard that it was obvious he was short of work. In the circumstances he did well, and should pay to follow.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Is your "dark horse" in the running for the *Bullets* £1,000 this week?

* * *

More rot is being written about a tax on betting than on any subject we have had for discussion these twenty years.

* * *

You can't tax betting without revising the Gaming Act.

* * *

Follow Sargon.

* * *

Spike Island is spoken of as likely to be very dangerous for the Jubilee.

* * *

Lord Derby has two useful four-year-olds in Silurian and Highbrow, both almost certain to win good handicaps.

* * *

The Great Metropolitan promises to provide a most interesting race. Highbrow, Arravale, Sewing Machine and Bellman are all spoken of as likely winners.

WHO'S WHO IN THE CUP FINAL.

Bolton.	*Birthplace.*	*Height. ft. in.*	*Weight. st. lb.*
R. H. Pym ..	Topsham ..	6 0	12 10
W. Rowley	Little Hulton	5 9½	12 2
R. Howarth	Atherton ..	5 8½	11 3
A. Finney ..	St. Helen's ..	5 8½	11 4
H. Nuttall	Bolton ..	5 9½	10 13
J. Seddon ..	Bolton ..	6 1½	12 5
W. Jennings	Barry ..	5 9	12 1
W. Butler ..	Atherton ..	5 6½	10 8
D. Jack ..	Bolton ..	5 10½	11 12
J. R. Smith ..	Glasgow ..	5 7½	12 0
Joe Smith ..	Dudley ..	5 7½	12 8
E. Vizard ..	Cogan ..	5 9½	11 6

West Ham.	*Birthplace.*	*Height. ft. in.*	*Weight. st. lb.*
A. Hufton ..	Sheffield ..	5 10	12 0
W. Henderson	Whitburn ..	5 10½	13 0
J. Young ..	Whitburn ..	5 9	12 7
S. Bishop ..	London ..	5 10	11 10
G. Kay ..	Manchester ..	5 10	12 10
J. Threadgold	London ..	5 6	10 2
R. Richards	Glyn Corrog	5 6½	11 2
W. Brown ..	Fence Houses	5 7½	11 6
V. Watson ..	Girton, Cambs.	5 8½	11 6
W. Moore ..	Sunderland	5 7	10 6
J. Ruffell ..	London ..	5 7	10 5

THE PLAYERS.

BOLTON.

Pym—A goalkeeper who cost over £2,000 when transferred from Exeter. Believed in Bolton to be the best custodian since Sutcliffe the International.

Rowley.—The utility man of the team, who has played in every position in the half-back line and at full-back. A rare worker of ripe experience.

Howarth.—Played extremely well at right back in the semi-final at Manchester and will not let his side down.

Finney.—The most promising young left full-back discovered since the war. Only 21, but plays like a veteran.

Nuttall.—A local youth who has developed the art of wing half-back. Plays skilfully and is a fine tackler. Plays on the right.

Seddon.—The big man in defence. One of the best spoilers in football, with wonderful stamina and an excellent knowledge of positional play. Is a great centre-half.

Jennings.—The left half of Wales, who is the neatest footballer in the middle line, but not very robust.

Butler.—An outside right who is erratic. At his best he is very good, but he wastes time in centring.

Jack.—The most-talked-of inside right in Lancashire. A son of an old Bolton player, he was born in the Lancashire town. He has scored in every round since the first, and is the danger man in the forward line.

Smith (J. R.).—The only Scot in the two teams. Came from Glasgow Rangers with a big reputation, but has found the pace of English football very trying.

Smith (Joe).—An England player who has the best left foot in football. A great shot on his best day.

Vizard.—The best outside left who has ever played for Wales. A big hero at Bolton, and on whose form much will depend. He is a match winner in his happiest mood.

WEST HAM.

Hufton.—A goalkeeper who would have got high honours but for a tendency to kick the ball instead of handling. At his best he is as good as any goalkeeper in the country.

Henderson.—A right back who has played some wonderful games, but is erratic and does not always take up position as he should.

Young.—Comes from the same village as Henderson (Whitburn) and is a very capable left back who always keeps his eye on the ball.

Bishop.—A stylist at right half who uses the knowledge he gained as an inside right to the best advantage in parting with the ball. A clever attacking half.

Kay.—The captain of the team, who used to play for Bolton. He is a wholehearted footballer whose chief asset is in attack. He places the ball along the ground.

Treadgold.—The neatest and most effective left half in English football. Keeps fit by farming, and is an ideal type of professional footballer. Is very skilful in defence and attack.

Richards.—Like Jennings and Vizard of Bolton, a Welsh International. He used to play at inside-left for the Wolves, and has had long experience of high-class football. Has wonderful speed for a veteran.

Watson.—Hailed as England's best centre-forward since Vivian Woodward, and justifiably so. A powerfully built youth with excellent ball control, a deceptive swerve, a fine turn of speed, and a splendid shot with either foot.

Moore.—An ex-amateur International who played for Sunderland and learnt a lot from Buchan. A master tactician and a match winner.

Ruffell.—A flying outside left who holds the ball well and centres with judgment. Not afraid of trying a shot and he can hit the ball straight.

FORECASTS FOR APRIL 21.

(Nap Selections in Black Type.)

Home Winners.

Villa, Liverpool, Middlesbrough, Newcastle, Preston, Sheffield U., Spurs, Bury, Leeds, Manchester U., S. Shields, Brighton, Bristol C., Gillingham, Luton, Millwall, Newport, Portsmouth, Queen's P. R., Swansea, Swindon, Bradford, Chesterfield, Crewe, Halifax, Tranmere R., Walsall, Wigan, Airdrieonians, Alloa, Hearts, Rangers.

Away Winners.

Sunderland, Wednesday, Bradford C., Derby, Hull, Bristol R., Rochdale, Aberdeen, Celtic.

Draws.

Chelsea v. Bolton, Notts F. v. Manchester C., Oldham v. W. Bromwich, Orient v. Southampton, Port Vale v. Barnsley, W. Ham v. Fulham, Accrington v. Nelson, Grimsby v. Lincoln, Merthyr v. St. Mirren, Partick v. Hibernians.

Suggested Coups.

3 Away:—Sunderland, Hull, Celtic.

3 Draws:—Chelsea v. Bolton, Orient v. Southampton, W. Ham v. Fulham.

3 Home:—Villa, Newcastle, Spurs, Brighton, Bristol C., Swansea, Crewe, Rangers.

3 Home, 3 Away:—Spurs, Brighton, Rangers, Sunderland, Aberdeen.

1 Home, 1 Away, 1 Draw:—Villa, Sunderland, W. Ham v. Fulham.

Douglas Stuart

—"as safe as the Bank of England."
—JOHN BULL.

ORIGINATOR OF

NO LIMIT for win or place.
PLACE BETTING when favourite starts odds-on.
PAYMENT IN FULL over lost or wrongly transmitted wires,
Etc., Etc.

DERBY, CITY, JUBILEE.

UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS. ONE-THIRD ODDS FOR PLACES.

DON'T DELAY—POST TO-DAY!

5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW,

And (for Credit Accounts only):—
NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

"MATTAMAC"

19 oz. Featherweight Stormproof—folds into a handful and goes snugly into your jacket pocket when the Sun shines. Absolutely waterproof—rain cannot possibly penetrate it. Made for Adults in 6 shades, 11 models and 43 sizes, from 25/-; made also for Children at nine prices. ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, CROWNER REDUCED 1923 PRICES, & 6 COLOUR PATTERNS FREE. Write for "Booklet 23 G." to PEARSON BROS., Gilford House, 45, Conduit Street, London, W. 1.

VENEREAL DISEASE.

WHERE TO GO FOR TREATMENT.

It is most dangerous to be treated by Quacks, Herbalists, or Chemists, who take your money and leave you the disease.

Either consult your own doctor, or attend at *any* of the special Clinics, where advice and treatment may be obtained both free of charge and under conditions of privacy.

Full information can be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102a, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

BIG PRICES PAID for OLD FALSE TEETH

IF YOU HAVE ANY TEETH

on Vulcanite or on Silver, on Gold or on Platinum, that are not in use, and wish to receive FULL VALUE, send them (or call) to:—

E. LEWIS (Dept. 23), 24 Warwick St., off Regent St., London W.1 (close to Robinson & Cleaver's). Also at 14, London St., Stockport, Lancs. Established 1870.

I pay the best price obtainable; also pay good prices for Platinum, Dental Alloy, Old Gold and Silver.

Fill in coupon below and I will send you FREE an Addressed Box for sending teeth.

Satisfaction guaranteed or teeth returned promptly post free.

To Mr. E. LEWIS (Dept. 23),
24, Warwick St., off Regent St., London, W.1.

Sir,—Please send to me an addressed box for sending old Artificial Teeth that I have for disposal, on the understanding that you will return the teeth to me, post paid, if I do not consider your cash offer satisfactory.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Postage ½d. if sent in open envelope.

A Raw Sore Throat

Eases quickly when you apply a little Musterole

Just spread on this pleasant, clean, white ointment with your fingers. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain. No sting or blister. No need to muffle yourself up with pads or wrappings that lower your resistance to colds.

Musterole is made of oil of mustard and other homely simples. Highly concentrated, a dab spreads over chest and throat. Treat a cold for a penny. Try Musterole for quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsilitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, colds on the chest.

Of all chemists; a 2/6 jar often lasts a family for months.

THOS. CHRISTY & CO.,
4-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

MILLER'S
MUSTEROLE

Small Ads. Worth Watching

Continued from page 3.

CATARRH is a dangerous disease which frequently leads to Head Noises, Deafness, Impaired Vision, Asthma and Bronchial Troubles. ACTINA alone will cure you—write for free booklet and details of fortnight's trial offer.—Actina Company, Dept. 44, 18, Nelson Chambers, High Street, Birmingham.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M. H. Specialist (Dept. X.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

WHY SUFFER FROM BAD FEET?—"Bell's Foot Salve" cures tired, tender, burning, aching feet, hard skin, bunions, etc. 1/- large tin, post free.—BELL'S FOOT SALVE (Dept. J.B.), 47, The Grove, Hammersmith, London.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Holds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1783K), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS.—This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy." 3/6 bt., p.f., or write for part cs., "Routem," 11a, South Castle St., Liverpool.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

ANTI-BACCA Herbal Smoking Mixture, 4 oz. 2/-, post free. Sample free on request.—W. Willis, 27, Janson-road, Stratford, E.15.

DON'T waste hours and hours mending tears with stitches—use "Mend-a-Tear," which is wonderfully quicker, and much neater. Send 2d. stamp for free sample, and get more time for enjoyment.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

Hair Growing Discovery

Many who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This is composed of genuine bear fat, with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients.

The preparation known as Kotalko may be obtained by sending sixpence stamps or P.O. for trial size, to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 A.H.), London, W.1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when baldness has existed for years.

Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

National Sweepstakes.

I was much interested in reading your remarks on National Sweepstakes run by the Government. As every man and woman in the country has the gambling instinct (whether they know it or not) it seems a pity that they should not be given a chance to have a "flutter" now and then in an absolutely straight and above-board way. Those who were half afraid of the "wrath to come" could soothe their consciences by reflecting on the financial aid they were giving to an overtaxed community. It would be an excellent thing if, after deducting a fair percentage, the Government gave the prizes in the form of life annuities, so that "Stiggins" could not weep over the demoralisation of any individual following on the acquisition of a large and easily earned sum of money.—*F. A. (Romsey).*

New Hope for Borstal.

It is a terrible thing to read some of the things we have read lately in regard to the Borstal Institutions. Government inquiries, to say the least, do not inspire much confidence. If the Government are really in earnest to help the boys, why do not they ask Sir Robert Baden Powell to take over the institutions, or, at any rate, reform them. In Sir Robert the nation have a man who knows the whole art of shaping a boy's character. Under his guidance the boys might have a chance of being made into useful citizens, not as now, made into criminals.—*Fred Gibson (Dewsbury).*

Never Meddle with Mummies.

There being more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of generally may account for the scare resulting from Lord Carnarvon's death. Anyway, it is a fact that since the nation acquired the remains of an Egyptian Princess everything has gone wrong with us as it did with her previous owners. I would therefore suggest that she should be reverently removed from the British Museum and restored to her original resting-place. We should smile again if such a course delivered us from the curse of pro-German and prohibition cranks and treacherous politicians.—*Superstition.*

The Ambulance Scandal.

The cynical disregard of human life shown by those responsible for ambulance facilities is astonishing. What is wanted is some comprehensive scheme that will embrace *all* the available conveyances, the nearest (irrespective of ownership) being at the service of the policeman who has the victim in charge. The fire station and the police should be supplied with motor ambulances, and there should be a man who understands what to do till the doctor comes to accompany the patient. It is more urgent than even the matter of pit ponies. Why not put up call boxes similar to fire alarms. To every ten fires there must be 100 accidents.—*Tom P. Cowling (84, Rotherhithe New Road, S.E.16).*

Teacher-Grousers.

I happen to share a house with a man who is in the teaching profession, and to hear him continually complaining of his low pay and "rotten job" makes my blood boil. I wonder how many business men work for 5 hours a day (5 days a week) for the same salary? Then their holidays—these amount to nearly three months including all the odd days each year, whereas the average man has to be content with a fortnight and is lucky if he gets paid for it! And NO pension waiting for him either!—*Lucifer (West Hampstead).*

The Price of Bread.

Despite the fact that operatives in bakeries have had to accept a great reduction in wages, the price of the 4-lb. loaf in nearly every part of the country remains the same. Into whose coffers is the money going? The cost of making a 4-lb. loaf does not exceed one penny, and where there are labour-saving devices it costs just about a half of that amount. The master bakers evidently belong to an association which is a lesson to trade unionists—*G. O. (Chirnside)*

Are Co-Op. Stores Democratic?

"Stores" started with a lofty aim—to sell goods at actual cost and bring down prices! Now everything is sacrificed to the "Almighty Dividend." To get this the price is increased to the ordinary sellers' rates. Put plainly the price is made so that part of it can be given back. What a farce—"putting it on" to take it off. And the stereotyped excuse is: "They couldn't save up the rent if——" "Capitalistic" firms call the "extra" "Bonus," not "Dividend," but the consumer pays—whatever the name.—*Wm. Robertson (Cupar).*

Cruelty at Sea.

Is there any sight more revolting than that to be seen on many of our coasting steamers which carry sheep on open decks? Why is this needless suffering inflicted on animals needed for the food of man? Exposed to the elements, crowded together, frightened and deprived of water, the half-maddened creatures suffer indescribable misery. Is it nobody's business to see that this torture and cruelty are not permitted? If not, it ought to be. What is the function of the Society for the Prevention of cruelty to Animals?—*D. MacFarlane, 20, Trafalgar Street, Greenock, N.B.*

Grand National Jumps.

A Croydon reader condemns the National as a cruel race—maintaining that the jumps are not legitimate. The chapter of accidents is caused by the presence of horses in the field that are incapable of negotiating Park fences lte alone Aintree, and, naturally, accidents must happen when 30 horses—good and bad—dash madly towards the first jump. In support of my view that the jumps *are* legitimate, the Foxhunters' 'Chase, 1923, run on the day after the National, attracted only nine runners, all second-class horses and ridden by amateurs over the same exacting course. Seven horses finished and no accidents. Thus it will be seen that the jumps *are not* prohibitive. The National should be confined to horses that have won 'Chases of three miles or over. If the National field was cut down in the manner I have suggested, the allegation that our silent friends are asked to attempt the impossible, could be very effectively answered.—*Dave Palmer Walton (Liverpool).*

Birth Control.

If the poor had the knowledge of the rich, only children would be born that could be fed, clothed, and educated. Personally, I find reason for rejoicing at the present declining birth-rate. First, because I have experienced the misery attending an overcrowded labour market; and secondly, because I have hopes that such a state of affairs bringing the working-classes of this country more attention and prosperity than they have received in the past. The present muddle is a fairly accurate index of how much value the powers that be place against their presence and usefulness at the present time. In finance it amounts to 15s. It is always a dangerous practice to interfere with the ways of Nature, but if the declining birth-rate indicates more reasoning on the part of parents before bringing children into the world, the people responsible for present conditions are merely reaping what they have sown.—*Thomas R. Sims (Glasgow).*

Ignorant Mothers.

If every mother was equipped with knowledge dealing adequately with child rearing many ruined lives would be avoided. A raucous rebuke, followed by a cuff on the head, has, when frequently repeated, a most damaging effect on the health and mentality of children. Add to that, faulty dieting, and what chance in life have these innocent victims of ignorance? Training of all females in the essentials of child welfare should be compulsory.—*G. W. (Edinburgh).*

Competing Aliens.

I do not think that a more narrow-minded letter could have been written than the one by "F. A.," Shepherd's Bush, in your issue of the 24th March, under the heading "Competing Aliens." He does not take into consideration that if we sent back to their own countries the Allies who are employed at present in England, their Governments would probably do the same. If he paid a visit to several small towns in France he would find more Englishmen in one of these places than Allies in the whole of England. Are they not taking the bread out of the mouths of Frenchmen?—*Robert J. Simms (Paris).*

Race Suicide?

There is a great "outcry" just now about Birth Control—some "authorities" even going the length of giving us figures to prove, that, in Scotland in particular, it amounts to "Race Suicide!" Alarming as that undoubtedly is, there is another, and—in my opinion—worse curse (a thousand times worse!)—namely: Venereal Disease! This dirty abomination is being carried about and spread by degenerate brutes in the shape of men who, in every sense of justice, should be shot as being the actual murderers of the thousands of women who die daily in our nursing homes and infirmaries of—"an internal complaint."—"*Wrack the Lot*" *(Glasgow).*

Income Tax Justice?

Is it fair that the Government should take for one year the money deducted from dividends, of people exempt from income tax? I resent not being able to turn over the £20, that each April, I request may be refunded to me; thousands of pounds must be used by the Companies or Government, who pay no interest on it, whilst the rightful owner loses this opportunity. Are the stricken classes exempt from income tax, too crushed, or powerless to fight for justice? *Lois Barraclough (Streatham).*

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NO matter how distant you live from our tailoring experts, they can make you a suit for 3/- in the £ less than you would pay locally for an equally good suit. In addition you have the advantage of an agreeable Credit System. Now, let us make you a suit to your own measurements which will please you down to the ground, or we will return every penny of your money.

MEN, DON'T MISS THIS WINNING CHANCE—BRITAIN'S BEST SUIT FOR 57/6 EASY TERMS.

You get the suit at once by paying a small deposit. You can select a latest fashion cloth from the most attractive selection of best style patterns. There are no dud patterns, no Government stocks, no time-worn fabrics. Then, when you have picked the cloth you like, we will make you a suit you will be proud to wear. A suit that will make you look your best. A suit so enhancing and so smart your wife or sweetheart will say it looks the best she has ever seen you wear.

DON'T ALLOW COST TO PREVENT YOU GETTING ONE NOW.

Send your application for patterns. Make your choice, forward the small deposit, we will do the rest, and earn your unqualified thanks. Now, chaps, get hold of any old pen or pencil, write your name in clearly on the Coupon and post it off before you forget. A postcard will get patterns just as easily, but a coupon gets the "John Bull" set. Do not think a Catesby "Burlington" is one of those "ashamed of themselves" shoddy price suits that look worth only 30/- when the wearer gets inside it.

CATESBYS BURLINGTON SUITS LOOK WORTH DOUBLE. 57/6

Money back if you do not think so. Now, let's have that bit of handwriting from you.

BOOTS ON EASY TERMS.

You can buy from our Boot Dept. best style Boots and Shoes (men's and women's) and we guarantee to please you or refund your money. Small deposit gets the footwear at once. Write for free Boot Catalogue now.

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Please send me your Style Book and pattern pieces of cloth. I am thinking of buying a Burlington Suit.

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WILLS'S

"GOLD FLAKE"

CIGARETTES

10 for 6d
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No Benefit—No Pay.

FULL MONTH'S SUPPLY FOR FAIR TRIAL.

Readers of JOHN BULL should take advantage without delay of our liberal offer to send a month's supply of the natural Vitaliser, "Vitæ-Ore," for free trial. Thousands have already experienced its marvellous effects—the new vital energy which it gives, its power of renewing the health and vigour of all.

Sensational Benefit.

Vitæ-Ore has attracted attention by the way that it has given new life and virility to thousands of languid, anxious and exhausted men. It has restored grace and healthy charm to thousands of tired, weary, careworn women, and to girls whose development to womanly life has been delayed. The vital forces are powerfully and noticeably increased by Vitæ-Ore. What is the result? In the office, the factory, at social gatherings, at work, and in hours of leisure people are telling each other how much Vitæ-Ore has done for them that no ordinary medicine could do.

All who wish to share in this wonderful benefit should write at once for a month's supply.

Not a Patent Medicine.

Vitæ-Ore is not a patent medicine. The British Government recognises this by exempting it rom stamp duty.

Vitæ-Ore is the residue of a natural healing spring, found in the desert by Prof. Noel, a famous geologist, and tested and approved by medical men of the highest standing.

Highest Medical Approval.

The "Lancet," the most important medical journal in the world, which would never give the authority of its world-famous columns to anything without the best scientific basis, published this statement:—

"The clinical results obtained were satisfactory."

Vitæ-Ore is perfectly harmless and free from the slightest ill-effects. Fill up the coupon at once. Do not delay. Receive the benefit NOW.

Its Wide Scope.

Dissolved in water Vitæ-Ore not only gives new health and tonic effect through its vitalising power, but has directly beneficial action upon many stubborn diseases, and has produced numberless cures in cases of

Nervous Weakness	Rheumatism and
Debility	"all run-down"
Dyspepsia	conditions re-
Neurasthenia	sulting from
Neuritis	Stomach, Liver
Anæmia	and Kidney
	Weakness.

It is a powerful nerve and spinal tonic. The headaches, pains in the back, and special weaknesses of women vanish when it is used. A man who, without having any special disease, suffers from general lack of energy, want of manly vigour and ambition, who is easily fatigue dand does not feel the aggressive strength of manhood, will derive new life from Vitæ-Ore—not by any sudden stimulation, but by a powerful tonic action which permanently benefits. Vitæ-Ore has made new men of thousands. You have a free and fair opportunity to try it for a whole month and see whether it will do the same for you. Fill up the coupon NOW.

It WILL Do you Good.

Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vitæ-Ore.

You are asked to use Vitæ-Ore for a month and watch the result. You are to be the judge of the benefit. If the result is satisfactory—if Vitæ-Ore does you good—you pay 4s. 6d. for the whole month's supply. If you are not benefited, simply write and say so, and we ask nothing at all. It is a fair "no benefit—no pay" offer.

But Vitæ-Ore will do you good. It will strengthen and tone up your nerves and your whole system. Your digestion will be better, your eyes brighter, your skin and complexion clearer and younger-looking.

Do not delay. Take advantage of the offer at once. Fill in the coupon or copy it and post it to Theo. Noel Co., Ltd. (Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

FILL IN OR COPY THIS COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL OF ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY.

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.
(Dept. 19) 29, Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.

Dear Sirs—

Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report results in 30 days.

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case YOU ARE TO CHARGE ME NOTHING.

Name .....

Address.....

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John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

JERRY (Birkenhead).—"What is the best antidote for a snoring wife?" A deaf husband.

JOHN BULLER (Dorset).—"Villagers are curious people." Intensely curious—about other people.

B. W. (Crewe).—"I am greatly smitten by a young lady here." You probably deserve it.

BOGTROTTER (Cork).—"No more de Valera's, thank you!" Don't thank us—we didn't find him.

JOASH (London, W.).—"What is the meaning of my name?" Joash means "Jehovah hath aided."

DRAPER (Guildford).—"There is still a lot of sweating in drapers' shops." We have our eye upon that abuse.

FATHER (Cambridge).—"Does the law allow me to chastise my son of 22?" The question is, will *he* allow you?

MABEL (Hillboro').—"There's a great beauty about a courtship." One of the parties should at least be passable.

NEW MAN (Reading).—"I have reason to remember what woman will do for power." You impress us, Horace.

HOPE (Old Kent Road).—"Little do we dream that Germany is planning something terrible." A German opera perhaps.

BUSTER (Oldham).—"Give me Lancashire girls"! They're not ours to give and anyway we wouldn't part with 'em.

CARTER (Wilts).—"I have written to you again and again." And we haven't answered you again and again. See a doctor.

JAM (Arbroath).—"Harry Lauder worked in this town." We are ordering a commemoration tablet to be fixed to Arbroath.

ONLY ONE (Salop).—"A girl's sin always finds her out." We were under the impression that—however, perhaps you know best.

CHEEKY (Marlow).—"My grandmother looks upon me as a wicked girl because I smoke and drink cocktails." We think she is wrong: you are only a fool.

C. (Petersfield).—"It's very funny that both my mothers-in-law were taken ill on my wedding days." We haven't laughed—you omitted to enclose the joke.

GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE (Hythe).—"When will you English realise how dull you are?" Round about the time when you French realise it is better to be dull than bankrupt.

BILLY SUNDAY (Lichfield).—"I wonder if you could give me a little information about the origin of crewel work?" Very little. In fact, none. The cat has eaten our encyclopædia.

IDLE POOR (Wigtown).—"A Rolls-Royce doesn't make a gentleman." Nor a Ford a policeman. Talk sense.

ENQUIRER (Fleet).—"Who wrote 'Nine Keys to Baldpate'?" George Cohan. It was a semi-failure here.

JURYMAN (London, W. 1).—"The disgraceful time-wasting method of jury calling calls for redress." We agree.

INFINITY (Birmingham).—"Few people know the chemical composition of the human body." And fewer care a cold, solitary darn.

ONE MOTHER (Perth).—"Will you let me thank you for your common sense?" We blush and coyly give you the necessary permission.

DOT AND CARRY (Maidstone).—"Did Winston Churchill win the war?" In our humble judgment, he did as much as any man to win it.

O. L. B. (Bognor).—"Why are old jokes called chestnuts?" Our Nut Editor is on jury service: we'll ask him when he's released.

T. V. (Penzance).—If you had sent us your address you would long since have had an acknowledgment of your letter. Be fair as you are kind.

Miss K. (Coventry).—"Should a girl walk on a man's left or on his right?" Take our advice and always get on the right side of any man.

X. (Princetown).—"A warder's life is like being in prison for ever." Get one of the lads inside to change with you. He wouldn't mind.

OAK (Merstham).—"Have you ever seen whisky under the microscope?" It is the only way you *can* see it after an experienced barmaid has served it.

VICTIM (Wisbech).—"A few years ago I borrowed £100 from a moneylender." Win the £1,000 in *Bullets* this week and you'll nearly be able to pay him back.

LESS WE FORGET (Bournemouth).—"The desecration of the Lord's Day will bring woe upon ye!" "Less we forget" should have been "less we know" surely?

W. K. (Kingston).—"Is there any reason why I should not have a civil answer to this letter?" Yes, sir. One and a half reasons. You forgot to put a stamp on.

COL. (Woolwich).—"This is a new story that will interest you." It may have been new in the days when Darius son of Hystaspes encamped on the Indus, but it is falling to pieces to-day.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

BENEDICT (Ilkley).—"My wife is never idle." And you presumably idolise her.

ÆSTHETE (Regent's Park).—"There is nothing quite so ugly as a London chimney-pot." Oh yes, there is—two of 'em.

W. C. W. (Port Talbot).—"I beg to have my say." Request granted. As a matter of fact what you say is quite right.

W. S. (Hull).—"There is need for reform in our social and educational systems." Very true. And to-morrow will be Thursday.

BILL H. (Edmonton).—"What do the letters 'w.p.b.' mean?" Wastepaper basket. There is one in every corner of our room.

ONCE BIT (Matlock).—"I was made an awful fool of the other day." It is a mild form of amusement on the first of this month.

BLACK COAT (Clapham).—"I look for the day when wages will go up and work will go down." Like looking for a needle in a haystack.

S. H. F. (Leicester).—"I cannot see eye to eye with the Good Templars." That'll be a nasty blow for them. All Good Templars please note.

PROUD PARENT (Leyton).—"I send you some music written by my daughter: it reminds me of Bach." It reminds us of a medley of cacophonous barks.

J. ST. G. (Kensington). "Can Labour possibly be said to be fit to govern?" That remains to be seen. Meanwhile, they make a very good glee party.

WAGE SLAVE (Poplar).—"I work hard every day of my life, and what do I get for it?" An annoying question, which is periodically asked us by the income-tax authorities.

N. M. (Chipping Sodbury).—"I'm coming up to London soon, and then you'll know it." We trust our information will be derived from a personal visit and not from the newspapers.

DISGUSTED (Berwick).—"I am glad to say I have washed my hands of the whole matter." With your letter before us, it is difficult to believe that you wrote other than figuratively.

G. D. (Walsall).—"Should the railways be nationalised?" Only if you can tolerate the idea of a railway service comparable in inefficiency with our telephone service. Which is unthinkable.

FREE THOUGHT (Henley).—"Every man is entitled to his own opinions." Certainly; provided only that they *are* opinions and not the paltry little prejudices which so often masquerade under that guise.

VERITAS (Dudley).—"Do you consider it practicable always to tell the literal truth?" Yes—if you are prepared, for instance, to stop and tell all the small boys that you have some cigarette cards but want them yourself.

X. Y. Z. (Perivale).—"The labourer is worthy of his hire." And can be relied upon to see that he gets it.

SOUL MATE (Felixstowe).—"I have just met the most beautiful girl in all the world." Spring is indeed here.

F. J. B. (Everton).—"Here is what I would do with a hundred millions." We often have dreams like that ourselves.

A. W. S. (Boston).—"Is this merry England and the land for heroes?" It is, but you are excused for doubting it.

ADIPOSE (Brentford).—"How is it possible to reduce my waist measurement?" Imitate the jockeys and do a little wasting.

L. S. T. (Worthing).—"Please forgive me if I have not made my meaning very clear." Forgiveness herewith—and you need it.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE (Newark).—"Do you think it is possible to live without doing any work?" Yes: get a Civil Service appointment.

NO REPLY (Peebles).—"You don't seem to realise the seriousness of this matter." Get your letter typed, then perhaps we will.

ADAMANT (Tulse Hill).—"I am proud to say I have never given way to anybody in anything." There is no cause for pride in pig-headedness.

UNSULLIED (Cirencester).—"I am happy to say my conscience is and always has been quite clear." We are sending you a pound of biscuits.

G. R. A. (Droitwich).—"Has Prohibition in America been a success?" About as much as the No Treating Order was in England.

F. T. (E. Grinstead).—"The Derby will be won this year by a very well-known old horse." Then he'll have to cultivate a youthful expression.

J. A. J. (Denbigh).—"I shall never forgive my parents for naming me Jehoshaphat." Cheer up. You're the fellow that lots of people swear by.

ERMYNTRUDE (Harrow).—"Is the face really the mirror of the soul?" It is, Ermie. As one looks around, the thought is not an encouraging one, but it is.

MISUNDERSTOOD (Fulham).—"I am a humorist, and when I am really serious people think I'm being funny." The remedy is obvious: try being funny.

A CORRESPONDENT (Alfreton).—"If you print my letter, please don't print my name and address." We shouldn't dream of it—for one thing, we can't read it.

A. McN. (Mossend).—"Steeplechasing is both brutal and criminal." Right-o. Now let us bury this hoary and ill-founded complaint until the next Grand National.

MOTHER (Hinckley).—"I do not believe in coddling girls." We thought you'd spelt it with a "u" until we spotted your *nom de plume*, and were getting ready to disagree.

CONTENTED (Lingfield).—"Some people are never satisfied, no matter what weather we have." A dissatisfaction which will, in many cases, not terminate with death.

MRS. D. (Islington).—"I send you an original little poem for publication." And very nice too. Curiously enough, Tennyson once wrote a poem identical with yours.

NEW AGE (Barking).—"Who will be Prime Minister when the Labour Party comes into power?" If such a thing happened Mr. Macdonald would presumably fill that office.

STUDENT (Clitheroe).—"I want you to be quite candid and tell me what you think of my literary style." Propriety forbids the display on this page of sufficient candour to meet the case.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Send No Money!

See Page 26 for JOHN BULL's remarkable offer of a

2/6 'Everpointed' Pencil FREE

"Whenever we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell tissue, we will have conquered infectious disease."—Lord Lister.

Pneumonia

SEPTIC PNEUMONIA, erysipelas, and insect bites are often related. My antiseptic, 'Yadil,' destroys the poisons and germs deposited in the blood through insect bites, and renders these bites harmless. It also destroys the germs which cause erysipelas and septic pneumonia.

Whenever 'Yadil' Antiseptic is used in every case of septic pneumonia, pleuro-pneumonia and broncho-pneumonia, these infections will no longer claim over one thousand victims *every week* in the British Isles alone.

'Yadil' destroys within the body the disease-germs and poisons which cause consumption, influenza, the plague, Asiatic cholera, typhus, appendicitis, dengue fever, malaria, ague, measles, scarlet, typhoid and paratyphoid fevers, diphtheria, coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping-cough, colitis, gastritis, catarrh, lupus, ulcers, etc. This definite statement is based on six years of medical experience.

My antiseptic is absolutely non-poisonous, non-caustic, non-irritant. It is entirely of harmless vegetable origin, its active principle being natural essential oil of garlic. It never taints the breath. It has been prescribed by thousands of doctors in all parts of the empire since November 1916. There is hardly a man of eminence in the profession who does not know the extraordinary powers of 'Yadil' in all microbic infections. They have given it to babies two hours after birth, and to adults nearing one hundred years, always with success and safety.

No preparation has ever been tested so severely before being made known to the public. There is none so simple, so safe, so reliable, none of such universal value. It destroys all disease-germs within the body without causing the least injury to the most delicate internal organs—just as carbolic acid destroys all disease-germs in drains and dust-bins.

Whenever the value of my antiseptic is fully understood, no home will be without it, no one will ever venture abroad without a quantity, for fear of being out of reach of supplies in emergencies. Dangerous disorders occur unexpectedly, often with fatal results.

If everyone used 'Yadil' Antiseptic at the very first sign of a chill, cold or temperature, it would save more than two thousand lives *every week* in the British Isles alone. It would put an end to the plague in India and typhus in Greece if used there.

I publish in The Yadil Book one hundred pages of reports from doctors, matrons, sisters, nurses and the public, extracts from "The Lancet," "The Prescriber," "The British Journal of Tuberculosis," "The Manchester Guardian," etc. The evidence in support of 'Yadil' is sensational and overwhelming. There has never been anything like it in the history of medicine. The Yadil Book 192 pages, illustrated, cloth bound, contains over 125 treatments tested and proved by doctors. I send a copy of this book absolutely free of charge in return for the card around the 6-oz. and larger sizes. Do not hesitate to secure a copy without delay. It will show you how to keep yourself and family free from the risks of infections.

Alex Clement

'Yadil' Antiseptic is prepared by Messrs. Clement and Johnson, Ltd., Research Medical Chemists, 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C. 1. You can obtain it from all good chemists and stores, including all branches of Boots the Chemists and Taylor's Drug Stores. If out of stock, your chemist can get it quickly for you, if you give him a firm order. 2 oz. 2/–, 6 oz. 3/6, Pint 9/6, Quart 17/–. There is no card for THE YADIL BOOK with the 2 oz. or pocket size. Be sure you get the original package, in amber bottle, packed in a corn-coloured wrapper with name, size and price plainly printed in black letters. Get 'Yadil' from your chemist as orders by post are more costly to you, the postage being 5d. for the 2 oz. size, 9d. for the 6 oz. size, 1/– for the Pint, and 1/3 for the Quart.

'Yadil' is not a drug, medicine, tonic, or food, but solely a harmless vegetable antiseptic which destroys within the body disease germs and food poisons without injury to cell tissue.

Pronouce it YAH-dil.

'ATORA'
HUGON'S SHREDDED
BEEF SUET
FOR PIE CRUST, PUDDINGS, CAKES.
1½-lb. equals 2-lbs. raw suet. 'Atora' is sold in packets only and is the Original and Best.

YOU NEED A RAINCOAT
20/- BUYS THIS BARGAIN
Here's the finest value ever offered in Raincoats.
A GENUINE
SARTOR RAINCOAT
FOR 20/- CARR. PAID.

The SARTOR Raincoat is cut by experts and is fully proofed and warmly lined. With each Coat sold you have a straightforward MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—that is, if you are not satisfied with your purchase your money will be refunded in full.
There's nothing shoddy about the SARTOR. It is tailored by highly skilled craftsmen, and is made as a good Coat should be made. The only cheap thing about it is the price, and that is the result of our foresight in purchasing huge quantities of materials at advantageous prices.
You get the benefit in a fine Coat for 20/-, carriage paid to the British Isles.
SEND NO MONEY Our fine range of FREE PATTERNS, Self-measurement Form and artistic Style Book, showing styles for Ladies', Gents', Maids' and Youths', will be sent on receipt of a Postcard. WRITE US TO-DAY!
SARTOR MANUFACTURING Co.
(Dept. J.), 82, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

Meltis CHOCOLATE
"melts in the mouth"

THE CITY LIFE
Assurance Company Ltd.

Assets Exceed . .	£1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds	£350,000
Claims Paid Exceed .	£1,000,000
Advances Made Exceed-	£2,250,000

HEAD OFFICE:
CITY LIFE HOUSE, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.
We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and at the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to JOHN BULL, Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Amputation Avoided
Wrist cut through, Veins and Tendons severed, yet Germolene brought complete cure.

Mr. Edward Mara, 74, Gravel Lane, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E., says:—
"In 1911 my wrist was cut through with a broken window—arteries, veins, tendons and nerves being completely severed. After treatment there was a constant discharge from the wound, and latterly gangrene set in. I had several operations, but in vain. Amputation was suggested, but I did not agree, and went on trying one thing and another till 1921, when I got Germolene. Honestly I was astonished at the effect. First came relief from pain, then the wound gradually closed, and now every trace of the accident is gone but the scar, and I can use my hand as freely as ever."

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for:—
Eczema, Psoriasis, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Sores and Burns, Blisters, Chilblains, Diseased Hands
And all Cut, Bruised, Itching, or Ulcerated Surfaces.
Prices 1/3 and 3/-. Of all Chemists.
Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

THE man was a soldier in the Queen's Royal West Surreys during the war, but, like so many more, the peace brought him nothing but unemployment, poverty and incessant anxiety.

In two years and nine months since his discharge he has been able to obtain only thirteen weeks' work. He has no pension.

His wife is a clean and capable housewife, and they have four children, all girls. Two, aged eleven and seven, are attending school, there is another aged three, and now a baby a few weeks old. The birth of this baby was almost a tragedy.

Their landlady, declaring that she required the rooms they were occupying for another tenant, obtained an order for possession in seven weeks' time.

Knowing that his wife was within a few hours of her travail, the husband went to the Court and pleaded for a short stay of execution as he was unable to find other accommodation. The magistrate turned a deaf ear to the distressed man's plea, and with all their belongings they were turned into the street.

The following day the child was born.

In this predicament we were appealed to, and by means of "The Greatest of These—" found we were able to provide for some of the most pressing needs.

Help us to give assistance in other desperate cases by sending a little aid each week. You will not regret it.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Modest," 1s.; M. B. (Tonypandy), 6d.; "66, Boswells," 2s.; "Bullet Trier," 3½d.; "Widow," 7½d.; "Blockhead," 2s.; "Ref. 111," £1; J. H. M., 2s.; J. S. M., 2s.; "Out of Luck," 1s. 2d.; "One Ninth" (Canada), 89 cents; "Hopeful" (Devon), £1; "Dum Spiro," parcel; "A Widow," parcel; G. E. H. (Brompton Square), £5; J. C., 2s. 6d.; V. C. L., 1s. 4d.; "Oxford," 6s. 9d.; J. McA., 1s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. T. H., parcel; "Friend," 1s.; T. M., 1s.; Mrs. M. Y., parcel; "James," 6s.; M. C. (Washington), 1 dollar; "Tiny," 7d.; Mrs. H. H., parcel and 9d.; "Constant Reader" (Whitefield), parcel; "Clinker," 5s.; "Poor Mother," parcel; "5/11/22," 3s. 4d.; "Mother," 1s.; S. J. P., 1s. 4d.; "Raga," 1s.; "Gillingham," 6d.; J. and E., 1s 3d.; "Poppy," 11½d.; "St. Leonards," parcel; E. C., 5s.; "Peter's Mother," parcel; R. D., 1s.; "Annie," 1s 6d.; E. M. R., 6d.; "Another," 7½d.; "Lillian," 2s. 6d.; "7-7-7," 1s. 4d.; "Old Bridge," 1s. 2½d.; "B.2," 1s.; "Barnsbury," 6d.; A and G. H., 1s. 8½d.; E. N. R., 2s.; "No Faith," 1s. 7d.; H. H. W., 1s. 7½d.; W. W., 3s.; "Eastleigh," 2s. 4d.; L. M. F., 6d.; D. R. E., 9d.; "Mc.," 3s. 6½d.; T. D. G., 3 dollars 33 cents; "Odd Farthings," 7d.; "W.," £1; "New Cross," 1s.; Anon., 1s. 4d.; "Holsworthy," 1s. 6d.; "Unlucky Bulleteer," 3d.; W. C. B., 2½d.; A "Wellwisher," 1s.; Rev. R. E. V. S., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 8d.; Mother and Daughter, 2s.; M. O., 1s. 10d.; "Sandbank," 3s.; B. W., 6s. 6d.; "Unlucky," 2s.; E. A., 1s. 1d.; L. and W., 9d.; "Sorry," 3d.; A F. H., 3s. 9d.; A. H. B. (Conisborough), £1; "Blackboy," 1s.; A J., 3s. 6d.; "Unemployed," 1s.; G. H. K. (Porchester), 10s.; "A Trier," 2s. 6d.; "IX/3," 1s. 2d.; "First," 1s.; "Sailor," 3s. 6d.; Mrs. B. W. (Stratford-on-Avon), £1 1s.; H. K., 2s. 6d.; "A Mother," parcel; "Wellwisher," 1s. 6d.; J. and E. A., 2s. 3d.; "Ideal," 3s.; G. W., 1s.; "Preston," 2s.; N. M., 1s. 1½d.; F. H. S., 1s. 9d.; Mrs. A. T., parcel; "Wellwisher," 1s. 1½d.; "Barbara," 1s. 1d.; "Yorkshire Bill," 1s.; "Jacko and Mate," 2s.; "Sunday," 2s.;

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

Send no Money
2/6 'Everpointed' Pencil FREE!

FREE to our readers, this handsome Everpointed Pencil complete with refills, rubber and clip. The offer is made to introduce the new model 5s. 6d. JOHN BULL Self-Filling Pen (including clip). This Pen has revolutionised pen values. It has a 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, safety cap, and is guaranteed for two years. So positive are we that you will be delighted with your bargain that we are willing to let you have the Pen on three days' trial. The coupon, available for ten days only, gives full particulars of this offer. Send no money—just fill in the coupon now.

CUT HERE
Send No Money. JOHN BULL PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Available for 10 days only.
Please send me your new model 5/6 JOHN BULL Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage 1½d. extra) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If, on the other hand, I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.
Name.....
Address.....
State if head, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with the application please cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."
Date..... "J.B." 21.4.23

THE £1,000 *BULLET*

IN the course of nearly five hundred *Bullets* contests, certain double-meanings and word-plays have naturally become hackneyed and commonplace. For instance, *Bullets* depending on such well-worn double sense words as "Capital," "Gas," "Copper," "Brick," "Arms," etc., would only gain large awards by exceptionally clever and original application.

Some competitors, we notice, are inclined to drag a double-meaning word or phrase into a *Bullet* which would be clearer and more forcible with a single sense only. As reference to the winning list will show, many prize *Bullets* contain only a single meaning, relying for their merit on clear, snappy phrasing and apt relation to the example. Last week a line with a single meaning, but a telling message, "Open Spaces—Closed, Wouldn't fill Churches," carried off a coveted £500. On the other hand, of course, a recent £1,000 was awarded to a clever double-meaning line, "Sooner Or Later—World Losing Its 'Heat,'" whilst another four-figure prize went to an ingenious play on words: "Growing Fast—Indignation—Nation 'In Digs.'"

This week, again, the first prize is increased to £1,000. The best *Bullet* will win—*and it may be yours.*

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 479.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mr. OWEN EDWARDS, 8, Bryn Terrace, Middle Road, Cwmbwrla, Swansea.

Example:—IN PERIL

Bullet:—BRAVERY'S BORN—BRAVADO DIES.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. H. STEVENS, 60, North Street, Emsworth, Hants.

Example:—STICKING TO IT

Bullet:—GAINS PROMOTION—OR SACK.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. E. CHAPPELL, 5, Belsize Road, London, N.W.6

Example:—ANOTHER TIME

Bullet:—BEST TIME FOR ANOTHER.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

PERCY C. HARDY, Brooklyn, Woodhall Spa, Lincs:
OLD AND YOUNG—CHILD REARED IN SLUMS.

S. C. ROBINSON, 61, Hindehouse Lane, Sheffield:
A TOSS-UP—WHAT "THE EARTH" WANTS.

H. J. GOULDING, 27, King William Street, Greenwich, London, S.E.:
WHEN LONDON SLEEPS—SOME MOTORISTS SHOULD PRACTISE.

Miss G. M. ROUNTREE, 8, Temple Street, Hull:
WAY OF THE WORLD—HARDEST WORKED GET MARGARINE.

A. EDWARDS, 65, Dale Street, Crosby, Scunthorpe, Lincs:
SMALL BOY—FACT TEACHER OFTEN FORGETS.

T. CULIP, 128, Warton Street, Lytham, Lancs:
ON THE WAY—PIRATE BUS NEVER LONELY.

Mrs. F. GIBBS, Weston, near Leamington Spa:
A HANDFUL—USELESS AGAINST SKY FULL.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

Miss ALICE WHARRAM, Wansford Road, Driffield, E. Yorks:
COMES AND GOES—LADY HELP—WITHOUT HELPING.

W. H. HODGES, 71, Elm Road, Mile End, Portsmouth:
IN PERIL—SAVINGS THAT SECURE JOB.

WALLACE FORRESTER, "Ingleby," Loughborough Road, Kirkcaldy, Fife:
GOING CHEAP—NOT HONOURS HISTORY AWARDS.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mrs. ANDREWS, Penprase, Eastwood, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex:
WAY OF THE WORLD—DOESN'T DISTRIBUTE "SUNSHINE" EQUALLY.

H. G. YOUNG, Gaunts Common, Wimborne, Dorset:
OLD AND YOUNG—FORTY, TO DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

G. H. TAYLOR, 46, Clairemont Road, Portsmouth:
FLAT SEASON—PLOUGHMAN STOIS FOLLOWING HORSES.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

Mrs. R. McGREGOR, 66, Hinshaw Street, Queen's Cross, Glasgow:
TRUE LOVE—PRINCE FOR "HIS RACE."

J. McINNES, 1, Hamilton Road, Lincoln:
GOLDEN DREAMS—SEPARATING RICH FROM WEALTH.

JAMES SANDERCOCK, 12, Berkley Street, Abertysswg, Mon.:
ANOTHER TIME—SUICIDE, IF CROCODILE ABOUT.

F. BROOKER, 10, Alison Road, Aldershot:
MAD—QUEUE WAITING—LADY TELEPHONING.

Mrs. M. J. CAMPION, 61, Waverley Road, Coventry:
SECOND SIGHT—OF WINTER, ABOUT MAY.

GEORGE JUKES, Barugh Green, Barnsley, Yorks:
UP THE GARDEN—ALL SEED SERIES DESERVED.

Miss E. COLEY, 21, Hallfield, Whitworth, near Rochdale:
A GOOD PAL—WASTED—AN IDLER'S BRAIN.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 481.

THE BUDGET
UP IN THE AIR
TONS OF MONEY
LONGER DAY
ALL BRITISH
WHEN CLOUDS ROLL BY
BLACK LOOKS
SPRING FASHIONS
HOME, SWEET HOME
A FARMER
SATURDAY TO MONDAY
RAW MATERIAL
SHOWING HER HAND
BEDTIME STORIES
FATHER AND SON
MODERN MARRIAGE
ON THE ROAD
NOT YET
ALONE
A TRIAL
GROWING
ON OUR SHOULDERS
WHAT'S LEFT
CHEAP TO-DAY
COMING ACROSS
IDLE
NEW ROAD
LONELY FURROW
HEALTHY STATE
OPEN OR SHUT
WHAT HE LIKES
UNCROWNED KING
SITTING STILL
WIFE'S DUTY
SMOKING
FIRST WEEK
WISE GOVERNMENT
LOVING COUPLE
WHERE TO STOP
AFTERWARDS

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—MY MISFORTUNE. Bullet:—"GREY MATTER" OUTSIDE HEAD. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 481, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Closing Date, Thursday, April 26.

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(481) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, April 26.

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(481) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, April 26.

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(481) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, April 26.

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(481) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed_____
Address_____

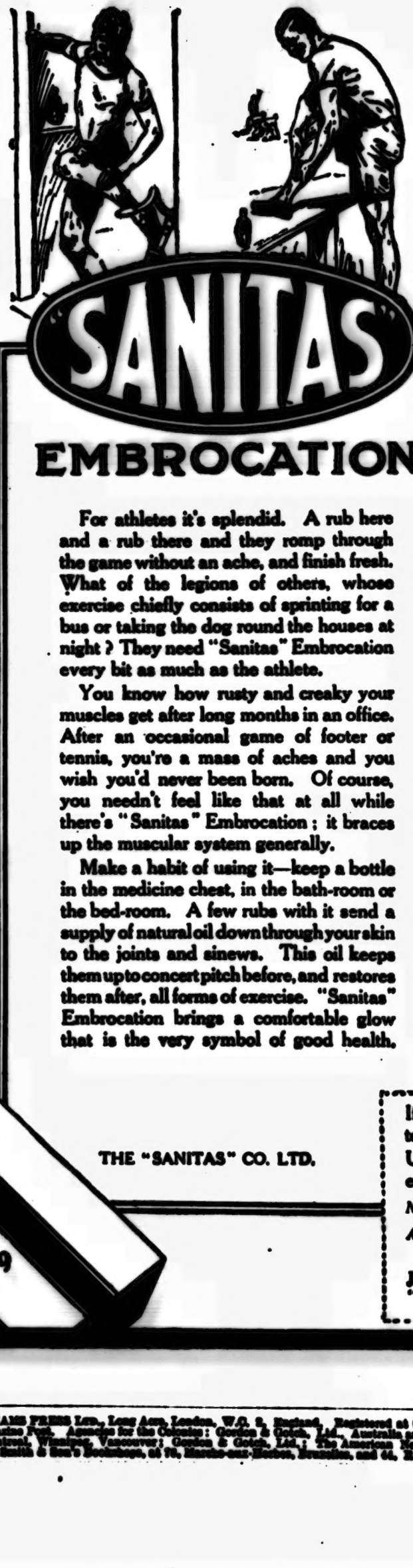
If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES:—Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the three chief "Bullets" prizes in Competition No. 481 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

List of Ten-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 479 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

SANITAS

EMBROCATION



For athletes it's splendid. A rub here and a rub there and they romp through the game without an ache, and finish fresh. What of the legions of others, whose exercise chiefly consists of sprinting for a bus or taking the dog round the houses at night? They need "Sanitas" Embrocation every bit as much as the athlete.

You know how rusty and creaky your muscles get after long months in an office. After an occasional game of footer or tennis, you're a mass of aches and you wish you'd never been born. Of course, you needn't feel like that at all while there's "Sanitas" Embrocation; it braces up the muscular system generally.

Make a habit of using it—keep a bottle in the medicine chest, in the bath-room or the bed-room. A few rubs with it send a supply of natural oil down through your skin to the joints and sinews. This oil keeps them up to concert pitch before, and restores them after, all forms of exercise. "Sanitas" Embrocation brings a comfortable glow that is the very symbol of good health.

THE "SANITAS" CO. LTD.

If not a user, cut this out and post to us for **FREE SAMPLE.** Use ½d. stamp, and don't seal envelope.

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